Inherited Freedom

Dedicated to the
Daughters of the
American Revolution
D. R. and D. A. R.

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Inherited Freedom.



Inherited Freedom

DEDICATED TO THE DAUGHTERS
OF THE REVOLUTION IN AMERICA,
THE D. R. AND THE D. A. R.

Written by a Daughter

Mrs. A. F. Vila.

Published by the
W. B. Clarke Company, Boston

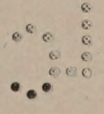
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PREFATORY NOTE

THE two generations referred to before the beginning of the story, actually lived in the ancient homestead at Newton, Massachusetts, previous to, and during the Revolution. The names have been changed, but the "D. R." Chapter at Newton will undoubtedly recognize the illustrious family—especially the member for whom their Chapter is named.

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I.

The Ancient Mansion

"A talent can be perfected in solitude; character only in the world."

Scarcely half a mile from the little hamlet of Fairfield in Massachusetts, and about twelve miles from the city of Boston, might have been seen, until within a few years, a majestic old homestead which was built before the Revolution. Previous to, and during this period, it was the home of Judge Abraham Faulkner, the head of an illustrious family, who, with the exception of one other, were the first settlers in that region.

Owing to his superior ability, he was elected Clerk and Treasurer of the adjacent town of Newton; and was consulted, and accepted as the highest authority, on all vital matters pertaining to the welfare of the community. Judge Faulkner was a benevolent, learned gentleman; and for the advancement of the higher education, founded a college in close proximity to the town.

The ancient dwelling was shaded by magnificent elms, which stretched forth their great protecting arms on either side of the spacious carriage drive that wound gracefully to the massive entrance opening on the highway.

Although the events recorded in this narrative have no actual connection with the Revolution, being of quite recent date, it may be interesting to the reader to know something of the old family that lived in this famous homestead during that eventful era.

Judge Faulkner's brilliant daughter Sarah married General Gerard Leffertson, governor of one of the States, who, during the Revolutionary War distinguished himself in many famous victories. His only son was also a brave officer who never returned from the battle of Lundy's Lane, where he gave up his young life in fighting for the freedom of his country.

The six beautiful daughters were much admired in society, and at the close of the Revolution were united in marriage with some of the most eminent men of that epoch. Their father, General Leffertson, was extremely large-hearted and generous to all with whom he came in contact, and, although a decided American, he possessed the universal English trait of wishing first to benefit his own kin and

raise them to the level to which, by inheritance, they naturally belonged. Having a worthy nephew at Derby, Connecticut, he immediately sent for him to attend the fine College at Newton. Young Alexander gladly accepted the invitation and soon became an apt scholar, subsequently expressing a strong desire to follow the sea. Before entering the Navy he became devotedly attached to his beautiful cousin Elesa Leffertson, at which time he immediately requested an interview with his uncle upon the subject of their marriage. The good General listened with all kindness to his quest, and was then heard to say that "Marriages with cousins never prosper." His words being considered law, the young nephew at once secured a position in the Navy, eventually marrying a charming lady at Philadelphia, and, after numerous promotions, became a distinguished hero on one of the most famous of American Battle-ships.

Meantime, the beautiful Elesa Leffertson married a successful and highly respected merchant of Boston, who was noted for his integrity and honor.

Madam Leffertson, in consequence of the loss of her only son, obtained permission to visit the various hospitals, where she was blessed by many a suffering hero who came in touch with her soothing influence.

This same good lady was much admired in Paris, while travelling with the General, and later in life received and entertained in this country the most distinguished guests of that period.

Four generations had passed away; numbers of the successive families having become weary of the old home, preferred to see the world, and seek their fortunes in other climes.

The estate, meantime, became obviously neglected, and finally so hopelessly dilapidated that none of the survivors cared to restore its beauty. The property, in consequence, was considered of little value, and—the distance from Newton being also a serious consideration—in fact no one thought of building even a kennel in the immediate neighborhood.

Mrs. Shirley Sheridan, a widow who inherited the ancient mansion, had been a confirmed invalid for many years. When she passed away little remained to bequeath to her devoted daughter Evelyn but the house and its sacred memories.

Evelyn Sheridan, the heroine of this narrative, thus became the possessor of the deserted homestead. She might well have been called a typical American, in the highest sense of the word, although she inherited from the Lanes, her mother's family, the finest English in-

stincts, with high-bred convictions inculcated by her grandmother, a lady who had been educated in London and who had unusual ideas as to "bringing up young women." Evelyn had been carefully trained and instructed at home by an English governess, who taught her music, French and drawing, in addition to the more ordinary branches. The girl unexpectedly developed a remarkable taste for painting, quite surpassing her teacher who fairly blushed when she heard that her pupil had been requested to exhibit a hollyhock *chef-d'oeuvre* at a famous Art Exhibition.

The first of May with its fresh sweet-scented verdure is always glorious in the open country. On one of these exhilarating days Evelyn stood at the west window watching the fleeting shadows over the fields and meadows, both new and old, combining the malachite and amber effects so lovely in the early Spring. The rifts of fleecy clouds on the horizon reminded one of the glorious scenery in Switzerland with its stupendous snow crests in the marvelous Wengern Alp.

While still gazing beyond the high, circuitous road, two tiny specks seemed to approach nearer and nearer, which caused Evelyn's heart to throb with the thought that it might

be to her they were coming. She called to her faithful Rubie, the "maid of all work," bequeathed by her mother and charged "never to leave Miss Evelyn."

"Rubie, do come quickly; I believe cousin Harriet Farrar is driving over the high road from Boston;" at which Rubie appeared hurriedly, panting perceptibly with the weight of her heavy frame. She looked squintingly, then adjusted her glasses and declared most solemnly that, "No doubt Miss Farrar" (she called all women Miss) "is a-coming, and will be here in no time."

Evelyn descended the stairs to the hall to receive her guest, who proved to be none other than Mrs. Anson Farrar, an own cousin of her mother, they having been much like sisters in their youthful days.

Meantime the horses were prancing and careering over the road in a most unaccountable manner; and Mrs. Farrar seemed highly relieved when she alighted from the equipage, calling to James, the coachman, that she had decided not to keep such spirited creatures, and cautioning him to go to the village to quiet them down before the journey home.

"Why, Evelyn dear," observing her unusual pallor, "I hope that you are really quite well;" and then suddenly, as if to change the subject, she exclaimed:

"This is still a charming old place, although perhaps now and then a trifle lonely. What a grand thing it is to have such a beautiful home!"

Evelyn greeted her cousin warmly, and they entered the spacious hall.

"Now, you know, dearest, that I have not seen all of these beautiful rooms for some time; may I look about?"

"Certainly, cousin Harriet; but you must first see the library with the many precious books; also these funny little recesses; and we must not omit the quaint shaped sideboard with glass doors, in front of which stood General La Fayette on several occasions when entertained by my great-grandfather, General Leffertson. Here is the very cut-glass decanter* from which La Fayette partook of a glass of wine."

"What could be lovelier," exclaimed cousin Harriet; "such fine relics! Now, child, having seen the dining-hall and all of these charming rooms, I should like very much to ascend this old staircase;" whereupon Evelyn gracefully presented her lovely arm to her cousin, saying cheerily:

"Allow me to escort my dear Mrs. Farrar to the most sacred precincts of an illustrious

* Still in possession of the family.

family, who have loved and lived here for generations."

As they slowly stepped from one landing to another, Mrs. Farrar looked timidly into Evelyn's bright face for reassurance, feeling that the steps were quite unsteady, and that the old house undoubtedly required a most thorough renovating. Ascending this staircase was much like walking upon the deck of a steamer during a heavy sea. Soon, however, the creaking sounds and swaying motion ceased, as they reached the upper landing to an immense octagon hall. With a sigh of relief Mrs. Farrar threw herself upon a comfortable lounge to survey the surroundings.

"Dear me," she remarked, "I often wonder if such walls could speak, what tales they might tell; but while I think of it, Evelyn, that staircase is most unsafe; why do you not have it attended to at once?"

"Cousin Harriet, I am perfectly aware that it is a complete wreck. A carpenter recently pronounced it beyond renovating. It would be quite impossible for me to think of replacing it by a modern one,"—then with downcast eyes she continued sadly—"under the present circumstances."

Mrs. Farrar suddenly diverted the subject by walking to an open window and exclaiming:

"My dear, this view is worth coming out to see—it is really quite Italian. That charming pond is like a miniature lake; the vivid glow is extremely foreign. Most of the lakes, you know, in Switzerland and Italy are either intensely green or decidedly blue—very unlike our own in this country."

For the moment Evelyn felt that the opportunity had come to reveal her future plans, but suddenly Mrs. Farrar again eluded her purpose by saying:

"It troubles me, dear, to think of your living here alone. What do you propose to do with this great mansion?"

To which Evelyn at once replied:

"The estate has been too long neglected, cousin Harriet, and the house is so wretchedly dilapidated that I fear it will be most expensive to renovate and make habitable. This being the case, I have finally decided to bar the doors and vacate, rather than see it crumble to dust in the hands of indifferent strangers. I dislike to be thus explicit, but my bank account has become very much depleted since dear Mamma's illness—indeed, quite too small to mention—and as I have no secrets from you, perhaps you may care to know that only a few thousands remain."

Mrs. Farrar appeared almost alarmed, and

endeavored to speak, but as no word came to the rescue, Evelyn continued:

"I have thought of music, also of painting; but it would be slow work and requires much cultivation. You know that I have not visited foreign countries brimming over with the best music and art. In order to be successful in the future, I think of joining a privately conducted party to Europe on the fifth of July."

"My dear Evelyn, what a preposterous idea! Think of your age! A girl of nineteen years—only—going off with a number of strangers to a foreign land!"

"Please listen, cousin Harriet; this party I care nothing for, as I do not yet know them. The lady who conducts the tour is a most matronly, charming person, the daughter of a venerable clergyman who christened many of our family. She has kindly offered to take me under her special chaperonage, to be absent five months, visiting many countries. The itinerary is a fine one, and the whole expense less than you can imagine."

As Mrs. Farrar only stared vacantly, Evelyn continued:

"The chaperon who conducts the party is a Mrs. Maitland; she has engaged a Harvard man to meet us at Brussels, to assist in guiding and sharing the responsibility; being

a thorough linguist he will be a desirable acquisition. Mrs. Maitland also employs Rudolph in Paris, the famous French guide, a perfect encyclopedia, and he also is an excellent linguist."

"Remember, Evelyn, I do not approve of this plan. Your limited substance will soon become exhausted and you may return a complete wreck from sheer fatigue in travelling such distances."

After a brief interval Evelyn continued:

"I fear, cousin Harriet, that you will be more astonished than ever when I tell you that, if I feel strong enough physically and mentally to carry out a literary scheme, I may request Mrs. Maitland to leave me in London under the care of reliable persons, to continue my studies in whatever course I shall decide upon."

Mrs. Farrar sighed sadly, then, seeming to recover herself, replied:

"I shall try to laugh you out of this silly scheme. Your beauty, child, will no doubt gain for you some millionaire, if you remain at home. Last winter, at my reception, Dr. Wesley Brooke, who is known to be a great catch, was immensely pleased with you, and when not by your side watched you from a distance in a most abstracted manner. His sister being ill abroad, he was cabled for the

next day. I believe he is expected to return soon to Boston."

Evelyn faintly smiled, remembering the courtesies of Dr. Brooke, and replied that if he were worth the wealth of India it would not convert him into the type of man whom she would select as a companion for life.

At this decisive remark Mrs. Farrar appeared not only surprised but very much chagrined, saying:

"Well, then, Evelyn, I suppose that with all your notions about progression and going abroad, you will never smile upon the worthy young curate whom you met on one occasion at luncheon at my house last winter. He is a fine young man, but remember, you must not trifle with his affections, or even think of him in a serious light, as he could not cater to your ambitious ideas of music and art; beside all sorts of things that girls think they must have! He is wofully poor, having only fifteen hundred a year, with an invalid mother to support in the country. I really do think," she continued, "that he was quite smitten at first sight, having enquired continually about you ever since your recent affliction. I asked him if he did not think this and that of you—of course just to hear what he would say, and you would have smiled could you have beheld the poor

young man. He seemed most embarrassed, replying: 'Oh, yes, certainly; I think so, that is —she appears as you say;' and soon he departed most abruptly. . . . There comes James with the carriage; now Evelyn, one more word. My advice would be, not to go abroad; to give music and painting lessons, and take a few pleasant persons into your home to make it less desolate; discipline, my dear, is good for young people, and better things may come of it some day."

Evelyn could not reply, with a heart full of grief, and Mrs. Farrar, to give her due credit, intended (if her life should be spared) to add to Evelyn's pittance. She now touched her tenderly upon the shoulder before leaving the steps, saying:

"My dear, sometime you may be happier; I did not know child, until to-day, just how you were situated, with so—very—little!"

James did not dare to leave his high seat on the box, and Mrs. Farrar hurriedly opened the door of the carriage, and quickly seating herself, called to Evelyn:

"We are only testing these new horses—this is the last time I shall drive with them." Her words seemed prophetic.

She kissed her hand gracefully to Evelyn, and James had all he could do to hold the

furious beasts. As Evelyn watched them out of sight, and they were soon lost to view in clouds of dust, she silently offered a prayer for their safety. Then Rubie closed and locked the doors, coming at once to the assistance of her young mistress, feeling that in her extreme solitude she required immediate protection and all the comfort that it was possible to bestow.

"Dear Miss Evelyn, everything is all barricaded and the shades o' night do kinder remind us of bright and cheery lights, which we can allers have in a jiffy, if I'm around."

Thereupon the pretty old lamps glowed through their roseate shades, reflecting and multiplying themselves in the ancient mirrors, resembling a fascinating kaleidoscope, or some enchanting fairy scene in wonderland.

II.

The Fatal Drive to Boston

"Forever from the hand that takes
One blessing from us, others fall;
And soon or late our Father makes
His perfect recompense to all."

Everyone must admit that pleasant surroundings often mitigate loneliness and grief to an immense degree and should be gratefully appreciated, if one only contrasts one's lot with that of many worthy souls who have not where to lay their heads. Still, to a lone girl who in this once joyous home was surrounded by loving kindred, she being the very centre of adoration, it seemed now a veritable calamity to find herself the last of a noble heritage, with nothing beyond the burden and responsibility of a dilapidated homestead.

Rebecca, or Rubie Slocum, as she was called, had lived with Mrs. Sheridan since the birth of Evelyn, nineteen years. She was proud of her Scottish descent, having come to this country

when a mere child, with her entire family, whom she often alluded to as "the fragment of a reel auld stock." Rubie was at least fifty years of age, and had it not been for her huge frame would still have appeared young. Her brother Tom lived in the neighborhood of Fairfield and was employed as general gardener in the village, and public forester in the town of Newton, being sole authority on trees and shrubs, while he still endeavored to carry on a small farm of his own at a convenient distance from the ancient town. It was quite essential that Tom should cultivate a farm, if only for the sake of his extensive family, consisting of a thrifty wife and eight small children. They were well fed little "chickens" subsisting mostly on corn and the best products of a well stocked farm.

Their old bachelor "Uncle Jim," the only brother of Tom and Rubie, was a curious character. His aspirations were far beyond his humble station; he wished to ignore the ordinary routine of work and jump directly into cultured living. This incongruity much resembles the ambitious Chinaman who after mastering the English alphabet fully expected to be able to read quite glibly. With evident pride Jim had informed his sister that instead of wheeling a barrow, he intended some day to

become the proprietor of numerous teams, and this distinct promotion he constantly bore in mind hoping to realize the dream of his life. "Uncle Jim" had always lived with his brother, but was gradually crowded out of his comfortable quarters by the increased dimensions of the Slocum family, so that Tom finally suggested his going up to the big house to enquire if Rubie did not think it very unsafe for Miss Evelyn to be without some protector at night. Among so many rooms they might be glad to stow away poor Jim in the lonesome ell, where he could sleep with one eye open in case of fire or burglars. Soon after tea Rubie was startled by a loud rap of the old knocker at the side door, and peeping out became greatly relieved at the sight of Jim Slocum, whom she gladly invited to "walk in to unce."

"What on earth set you out to come at this time o' night, brother Jim; I should think the likes o' you would be glad to take a rest arter dark."

He then told her of Tom's plan for Miss Evelyn's safety, adding a timid word for himself.

"Well now, to be sure, that's a good un," said Rubie. "I'll go straight and tell her, 'cause I thought she looked kinder melancholy this very evening."

In a few moments she reappeared, saying:

"I thought she'd like the idee;—but where's ye're baggage,—sure enough?"

Jim slowly produced from behind his coat a small hand bag saying that "not bein' quite sartain of remaining he only brought a few traps."

"All right, come along," said his sister. "Miss Evelyn says you may have one of the vacant rooms in the ell; but you must be sure and leave your door open, so as to hear us if we should happen to call, although our doors are all locked and bolted o' course. I sleep," she continued, "in a little room leading out of Miss Evelyn's, in case she requires my services. When I think she's kinder restless and nervous like, I generally set up a sort of hackin' cough just for company, you know, to let her feel there's some one a-livin' asides herself."

Rubie led the way through the narrow hall into the famous old ell, holding high in the air a lighted candle, while Jim appeared like a man suddenly elevated to a position of distinction, as he surveyed his attractive new quarters.

"This, I guess," said his sister, "will about do for most any particular kind of gent'man, not to mention the name of Jim Slocum"—who replied:

"No trouble about me not sleeping here; the only danger is I'm likely to close both my eyes and ears and might not hear the biggest gun go off."

This last assertion did not tend to increase confidence in his ability to protect two lone females, whereupon the faithful maid hurried away, muttering to herself, "poor thing, he must be dead tired, but put to his trumps I guess he'd fight like a tiger."

She at once assured her young mistress that all was well, as "no danger was ever heered of howsomever around these parts." Thus it appeared that faithful Dido, the dog, and Jim Slocum were all the protection that could be desired.

Some time before dawn the following morning, while Fairfield was yet shrouded in the shades of night, a distant moan poured forth in the most resounding, pleading tones, with almost a touch of human appeal. The moans were so prolonged, and seemed to come from such a distance, that Rubie and Jim, who were of course awakened and up in arms to ascertain the cause, at once decided that Farmer Judkins's bloodhound had discovered something uncanny, and was grieving over it as had been his accustomed habit on previous occasions; meanwhile Dido, "with look intent, and

ear and eye attentive bent," began to respond in the most pitiful tones, wailing forth prophetic appeals of dismal woe. Of a sudden she darted forward, as if scenting a train of action, and disappeared from sight, the moans seeming to have lessened during her brief absence.

Judkins farm was about two miles distant, and there were no other houses or near farms to send to in case of emergency,—so nothing could be done but to try and pacify the dogs until the trades people from the town of Newton came for their orders for the day.

Soon after breakfast a wagon was seen tearing up the drive-way driven by Tom Slocum, who having previously heard of the sagacious hounds called Rubie away from Miss Evelyn's hearing and whispered:—

"No wonder the dogs howled:—there has been a frightful accident down at Judkins' late yesterday afternoon;" then, lowering his voice, he said—"Mrs. Farrar is by this time dead—they took her to Boston, but she was unconscious, and they say she died on the road. James is all right, but the horses are gone up,—one killed outright and the other's legs broken, so he had to be shot. The carriage is a wreck—it is awful—that bloodhound saw the poor beasts—no wonder he howled!"

Rubie endeavored to check her tears and smothered a gulp in her throat, saying:

"Oh! dear knows how I can ever tell Miss Evelyn; every one seems to be taken away from the dear child! Miss Farrar was a-going home from here last evening, poor lady—it is too dreadful!"

"I thought," continued Tom, "that I'd better come before those newsy tradesmen get here; and then the morning papers, you know."

Jim loitered about the place, not going to his accustomed work, as Rubie thought he might be required in case of necessity.

Evelyn in her usual cheery manner called to Rubie that Jim must not neglect his work, wherever it might be, as it was "quite time for him to start on his way to town." Rubie stammeringly replied that it was all the same to Jim as he had nothing whatever to do at Newton that morning. After consulting with Tom and planning all sorts of ways and means to break the fearful news, she silently followed her young mistress into the library and cautiously alluded to the singular behavior of the Judkins dog, adding that Tom had just called to say that there had been a fearful accident at the farm the previous afternoon. Evelyn, with intuitive perception, at once exclaimed:

"Cousin Harriet's new horses!—I feared that her words were prophetic when she said

that she would not drive with them again. Oh! Rubie, what do you know of the accident?"

Just at that moment a little newsboy threw the morning paper on to the broad piazza, and Evelyn, after a few moments, endeavored to recover herself in order to read the tragic account with all its minute details.

III.

Dr. Brooke is Presented as a Lifelong Friend of the Family

"She had ceased to think of happiness at all; the one end of her life seemed to be the diminishing of sorrow to others."

Those of the gentler sex who have had the dire experience of being the only surviving member of a cherished family can fully appreciate the intense solitude and unattainable longing which accompany any sudden calamity. Robert Browning hopefully writes that "This world's not blot for us, nor blank; it means intensely and means good; to find its meaning is my meat and drink." So, after all, a solitary life may be sweetened by a desire to find its meaning, and daily increase in richness, becoming blessed by innumerable joys that surely come to those who mildly accept the inevitable. We may believe with the optimist

that all things work together for ultimate good, while the threads of our lives are being continually woven into the great masterpiece of immortality, to be framed we know not how in the endless future. It has always been an acknowledged fact that a firm foundation is essential to everything in the natural and spiritual forces, including also the ancient saying which is nevertheless a true one, that, "constant dripping weareth away a stone," or any firm foundation after a lapse of years,—but, how was the stone created? In most cases it has not always been a silicified or petrified substance, but the coming in contact with severe elements has ossified or hardened it into an impenetrable mass. Thus it is with a young, pliable character coming under the best influences and yielding to the right atmosphere, it necessarily becomes firm, brave and true.

Evelyn's brave young nature could only have been sustained in this way by her ever ready stronghold. She remained for some time motionless and partially dazed by the sudden news of the catastrophe.

Mrs. Anson Farrar had been widely known for many years as the "wealthy widow," having been left with a goodly fortune from her husband "old Anson," as he was called.

There were no children. The very aged "Mother Farrar," in consequence, was petted much as a child would have been, had they possessed one of their own.

Anson Farrar had two married sisters, Mrs. Bleaker and Mrs. Hugins, who lived in fine houses at the West End of Boston. Their daughters had been educated at the fashionable schools and were entertained among the so-called "smart set." They had always been considered eligible for almost any suitor, but alas! the genuine old romances of unalloyed friendship are visions of the past, only to be revived in poems and operettas as something quite too unreal for the present generation.

The eligible suitors, however, were more essential than ever to the well-being of the before-mentioned nieces, the Misses Bleaker and their cousins, the Misses Hugins, who were such lavish young ladies that their papas had finally decided to curtail expenses, even to relinquishing their fine country residences. This was a greater blow than it at first appeared, having a most decisive effect upon several would-be devotees, who immediately changed their mode of action—the most ardent admirer being obliged to sail for Europe owing to sudden ill-health, while another became engaged to some unknown person who proved

to be the daughter of a very rich brewer, who allowed her a liberal bank account, merely, as it was said for "pin money."

There were only a few members of cousin Harriet's family who felt disposed to inform Evelyn of the sad news. The nieces thought her quite too interesting—there being imminent danger of her clashing with their ambitious calculations. Old Lady Farrar insisted upon having a few lines written at once to "that dear, lonely Evelyn," and desired that she should be sent for the following day. One of the nieces, Miss Dorothea Hugins, politely offered to write the note if Grandmother Farrar would kindly dictate it, saying:

"How should I know what to say to Evelyn? She is so different to us girls, and, strange to say, most people seem to *admire* her;" while Bertha Hugins declared that Evelyn was "much too deep" for her, and "slyly monopolized the attention of every one." As there was no use in arguing the point with Miss Bertha, Grandmother Farrar replied sadly, with tears which would not be restrained:—

"Harriet and I have always loved the child, and her dear mother as well."

That same evening Evelyn received a polite missive from Miss Dorothea, written in the most approved style, requesting her to spend

the following day with Grandmother Farrar. She little dreamed, poor child, that the old lady was the only true friend that remained to her in that family.

The following morning Tom Slocum drove under the *porte-cochère*, with his best team burnished for the occasion to take "Miss Evelyn" to the train for Boston. Rubie was on the alert, busying herself with numberless details and little requisites that conduce beyond words to the comforts of a journey. She tucked up her "treasure" with a light duster, "to keep her pretty and clean to be sure," as she considered her young mistress inwardly spotless, and never could bear to see "an outward and visible sign" of defect upon her "sweet, pure lily."

"Rubie, dear, don't look so sad. Finish your bright rug before my return, and if I decide to remain over Sunday, you will hear from me tomorrow."

Rubie could only reply with an expression of gratitude, and as Evelyn waved her hand she found herself being suddenly transported in the direction of the station with the most astonishing rapidity. Tom all at once remembered that the train left a trifle earlier, in consequence of which the faithful old Dobbin was forced to his utmost speed, and acquitted

himself bravely; as Tom wisely explained "he always fetches up on a long run."

Less than an hour later the train steamed into the station at Boston, when shortly after, James, the Farrar's coachman, appeared with a coupé to drive "Miss Evelyn" to the house of mourning. He touched his hat most sadly and respectfully to the young lady, whose presence naturally reminded him of that eventful drive from Fairfield only a few days previous. He evidently expected her to say something relative to the accident and, surmising his desire, Evelyn remarked quietly:

"I know, James, that you will never cease to be grateful that your life was spared, no doubt for some wise purpose,—perhaps for a new service of which you, as yet, know nothing; but I am too grieved to speak of her."

The unfortunate James seemed much impressed by her considerate kindness, as not a member of the family had spoken a sympathetic word to him since the accident; in fact, it was hinted that he was a reckless driver, having no control of the horses, and that if he had managed them skilfully they would never have dashed into the dismal swamp. Evelyn sadly remembered how they had careered and plunged on the drive-way in front of her house, and also that she had heard cousin Harriet say

that James was a "cautious driver" and a "splendid whip," as the term goes, "without ever wishing to make use of one." The horses were only being tested and were already pronounced unsafe; the poor lady, be it remembered, had declared she would never drive with them again.

On arriving at the Farrar mansion on——— St., the darkened windows with drawn draperies at once indicated a house of mourning. Evelyn was met by the sisters and nieces of cousin Harriet who were evidently in charge of the premises. They greeted their country cousin with a patronizing air and an undercurrent of coldness very distressing to a lonely girl whose only misfortune was to be of the same kin without a corresponding fortune to enhance her value in the eyes of those who were —apparently—superior.

How character speaks in the life of such a girl as Evelyn we shall see later in this narrative. Misfortune it was indeed to be allied to these ambitious, calculating nieces, who disliked her very presence, knowing that she carried all before her in causing them to appear as they were—superficial and unreal.

Grandmother Farrar would not allow Evelyn to leave her until the sad ordeal was over and cousin Harriet peacefully laid away.

What a blessing it is to a bereaved family to have an angel glide into their midst and say and do the right thing in such a way that no one realizes that anything is being done, and yet nothing is omitted. All that day there were many suggestions to be made for the arrangements of the sad morrow, and really no one person to take the initiative. The servants were whispering among themselves, declaring that Mrs. Farrar had been their good, true mistress, but now that the house was to be given up, what was to become of them? Seeing that Evelyn possessed a healing balm for every one and everything, they appealed to her in their troubles, while she gladly quelled the ruffled waters with her soothing influence. The atmosphere of the previously perturbed household became perceptibly peaceful toward night; resignation reigned supreme, but no one realized or appreciated how the change had been wrought. Evelyn found that it became essential to assume the leadership, as floral gifts were being neglected, and required immediate attention. Meantime Grandmother Farrar suggested to the nieces that "something must be done at once, and Evelyn being considered artistic would no doubt arrange everything most judiciously." The florist had arrived and requested to be instructed in re-

gard to many details. Thus it came about that the Misses Hugins and Bleaker actually unbent toward the "country relative," who proved a very angel indeed, and was only too rejoiced to bestow upon them all the little courtesies that were in her power.

In the midst of a mysterious and prolonged silence Dr. Wesley Brooke was announced and most unceremoniously ushered into the drawing-room as an old friend of the family, he having known Mrs. Farrar from his boyhood. He was only a nominal physician, being the wealthy bachelor who had met Evelyn at the Farrar reception the night before he sailed for Europe; he had been suddenly cabled for the following day on account of the serious illness of his sister in Paris. This sister had not lived to see her brother; thus he had returned to America,—he knew not why, unless to enjoy the soothing monotony of a sea voyage after his recent bereavement.

Wesley Brooke had travelled all over the world. Crossing the ocean seemed to him only a pastime, with no perils connected with it.

There were two Misses Hugins and two Bleaker sisters. The elder ones took the initiative, giving their younger sisters to understand that it was essential that they should

remain as figure-heads, only to be seen and not heard. Miss Dorothea Hugins and her cousin Margaret Bleaker thought it most fortunate for them that Evelyn had become so efficient in various ways as to leave them the vantage ground and serene satisfaction of receiving the guests, this being to their minds a much more agreeable occupation. Miss Dorothea considered it her bounden duty to devote herself to Dr. Brooke, giving him a most uncalled for and detailed account of the tragic accident. This conversation took place in a remote recess of the reception hall. Meantime, the spacious house became laden with ferns and huge boxes which the florist and Evelyn endeavored to uncover and arrange appropriately.

Wesley Brooke had of course greeted her, but now in the midst of Miss Dorothea's extreme devotion he quietly watched Evelyn's graceful figure as she glided from room to room, suggesting to the florist artistic designs that otherwise never would have been carried into effect. Finally came Wesley's superb memorial, which could only be managed by the florist and raised to an appropriate elevation, where it made a magnificent centrepiece of beauty from which everything else seemed to radiate. The exquisite, womanly touch, however, became at once apparent in every

detail of arrangement. Evelyn was the one to be consulted; her way being considered the wisest, there remained nothing more to be desired.

Suddenly Dr. Brooke excused himself to Miss Dorothea and darted forward among the many newcomers in the entrance hall, and soon found himself in the attractive atmosphere of Miss Sheridan in the quiet little reception room. She did not appear at all disturbed by his unexpected presence, being preoccupied by the details of the urgent occasion. After a few moments' silence he enquired in a subdued tone:

"When do you return to your home?"

"Monday, if possible," she replied. "I do not like to leave Grandmother Farrar until then."

"May—I be permitted to call and see you at Fairfield?"

Evelyn at this instant saw the handsome face of Lindsay Livingston, as he gazed intently at her from behind the portière. Suddenly a delicate flush suffused her beautiful countenance, much to the surprise and pleasure of Dr. Brooke, as he thought her never so lovely, congratulating himself that his visit might be appreciated to say the least. In a quiet, frank way she at once replied:

"Certainly you may come, Dr. Brooke. I shall, of course, be pleased to see you."

This was said in a kindly manner, still, with an apparent effort at cordiality.

IV.

The Farrar Estate Falls into the Hands of the Huginsand Bleaker Families

"What is there in this world that is half so valuable to us as to love one another, and to live in the hope of loving one another forever?"

How fortunate it is for those parents who leave no children to mourn them. Sad to relate, and strange as it may seem, the mother-in-law, Evelyn, and a faithful old nurse were the only real mourners in the Farrar family. The two married sisters-in-law were much younger than cousin Harriet, and they stoically decided that "sister Harriet had lived a good life, and at an advanced age no doubt her time had come," being also consoled with the thought that, dying suddenly, she could not have been conscious of much suffering. Then, too, the Farrar property was entailed and would now naturally fall into their possession from "dear, good brother Anson," who wished

his hard earned money to be kept in the family.

In recalling similar occasions, there are moments in the lives of many that they would be thankful to forget, and sometimes it is possible to do so; but the first return to a changed, dreary household is something never to be effaced from memory. It is the reaction that makes the event indelible.

Old Lady Farrar being feeble and weighted with grief, Evelyn felt as much concern for her as if she had been a young child. That sad evening they were alone and Madam Farrar expressed a wish that Evelyn might never leave her; "and yet, child," she said, "you have your home to consider and, being young, I could not expect to blight your life with the care of a sick old woman. My small income is all that I shall require, and now this great house will be sold, no doubt, and I shall be taken to my daughter, Mrs. Bleaker's home, to end my days."

That evening and night the pious old lady felt as if she were in the company of "All the Saints who from their labors rest," with a living, breathing angel by her side for inspiration and comfort. What an indescribable bond exists between souls that are fed continually by the love of Christ. There is a sort of Free Masonry of souls whose inward and

spiritual grace is discernible through the expression of the eyes, the outlook of the soul, revealing a heart full of sincerity and ineffable love. Evelyn made a beautiful picture as she sat on a hassock at the feet of Madam Farrar and tenderly quoted the most soothing words from the great "Book of Life." The old lady suggested one of her comforting songs, but Evelyn, having endured a severe strain for many hours, did not dare to trust her voice, hoping for renewed strength the following morning when she intended to return to her lonely home at Fairfield.

The early hours of that last day imperceptibly glided by, while Evelyn gathered together the most essential comforts for "dear Grandmother Farrar" to take to her new home at the Bleakers. The daughter had arranged to send a carriage in the afternoon for her mother; the faithful old nurse would, of course, be in attendance—a sort of body-guard or general right-hand personage, ever ready for a beck and call. The simple luncheon being in readiness, Madam Farrar and her lovely guest partook of a last meal together, realizing the sacredness and sadness of their final tête-à-tête. They were not inclined, however, to linger over the repast, and Evelyn, feeling a strong desire to please her life-long friend, opened the piano

saying: "We did not have our song or hymn last evening; what shall it be to-day?"

"Well, dear," replied Madam Farrar, "my favorite you will find here," indicating a special one in the beloved Hymnal, whereupon Evelyn in her sweet, sonorous voice began to sing "For all the Saints who from their labors rest." Meanwhile the old lady sat in her arm-chair with bowed head, perfectly spell-bound. Before the last verse an unusual light came into her sad, dull eyes; then quickly she shaded them with her hand as if to picture to herself a vision of the Saints. Evelyn sang with intense pathos, every word enunciated distinctly. Her voice was clear and strong, until at the last verse it became perceptibly tremulous as she sang, "Through gates of pearl stream in the countless host;" suddenly her precious mother, and a throng of dear ones seemed to be visible to her inner sight standing before the "great, white throne," singing in unison. Although obviously affected, Evelyn still sang on, the last line being the climax, the very acme of everything in heaven and on earth! Then suddenly she regained almost supernatural strength in feeling that they might be singing with her, and raising high her lovely voice, with appealing eyes, repeated the grand conclusion of the sacred melody.

Soon after Evelyn had begun singing, a visitor had entered the hall unobserved, no one but the maid being aware of his presence; this proved to be none other than their esteemed friend, Lindsay Livingston. He requested the maid not to disturb the ladies. He had, of course, heard the glorious hymn which made an indelible impression—shall we say that it alone made an impression? The fair singer might not have sung so well had she known that the reverend guest was quite as spell-bound as the old lady. She had veiled her eyes, while he had never used his to better advantage, watching the changing expressions on her charming face and drinking in the delicious tones of her fascinating voice as though they were divinely inspired. When Evelyn realized that he had been a listener she could only say:

"I am sorry that we were not aware of your presence; it must have been extremely uncomfortable for you in that gloomy hall."

"Not at all," he replied; "I heard, and that was enough—it matters not where I stood."

Madam Farrar insisted upon his being made more at ease, placing him in a luxurious chair and directing the maid to bring cake and wine with refreshing tea. Meantime the hour of parting drew near. Lindsay Livingston had been charmed with his visit, the object of

which was, as he said, to enquire for Madam Farrar, who assured him that his visit was most opportune as she was shortly expecting the carriage which was to transfer her to her new home at the Bleakers.

"Miss Sheridan," he enquired, "when do you leave?"

"Very soon," she replied; "you know that country ladies have to catch trains."

"The carriage for Madam Farrar" was now announced by the maid, and Mr. Livingston, realizing that he could be of no service to the ladies, took his departure. Before leaving, however, he approached Evelyn saying: "I shall hope to have the pleasure of seeing you at Fairfield;" to which Evelyn replied naturally that he would be a "most welcome guest."

Commonplace words in themselves signify little, but to young people who are mutually interested every word counts. There is a—certain—emphasis, a sort of mental telegraphy, transmitted through the organs of sight as well as of sound. Two prosaic persons possessing intrinsic worth might appreciate each other immensely, but not understanding this mental telegraphy or any of the electrical methods of the twentieth century, are pretty sure to be laid on the shelf like dusty volumes, perhaps even placed side by side, each retaining a self

poise like a coat of armor, that no arrow of Cupid could possibly penetrate. Such persons do well in their generation, but inwardly bewail their lonely fate in not being properly understood even by those with whom they are intimately connected. Armor for every day life is, to say the least, uncomfortable; and wiser it is to throw off artificiality and become natural—to be what one is, rather than to seem to be what one is not; ever remembering the blessed injunction in extending the right hand of fellowship to all with whom one comes in contact.

Nothing can be more grievously trying to advanced age than to be compelled almost literally to take up one's bed and walk. It matters not how luxurious the new home may be, for with extreme age there often comes an utter indifference to worldly splendor. Madam Farrar had been devotedly attached to her son Anson's wife, quite as much as to her own daughters, although she never would allow herself to admit the fact, while Harriet had bestowed most of her time and affection upon the mother-in-law, petting her like a child, never having possessed one of her own.

At parting Evelyn whispered consolingly:

"You are going to your very own daughter's home and her people will be your people, so of course you will be happy."

The old lady could not reply and after a silent embrace sank exhausted among the cushions of the carriage, to be driven apparently to her final abiding place.

The house was then left in charge of a few faithful servants until the sisters of the deceased Anson Farrar should be lawfully empowered to take possession of all that belonged to them. Evelyn gathered her wraps together and felt a sense of relief that her recent sad duties were at an end, longing for the quiet of her own home, and inwardly deciding that it was a sin to consider herself desolate.

Tom Slocum, with his glistening team only used for "comp'ny 'casions", appeared on time at the Newton station to drive "Miss Evelyn" to Fairfield. His good-natured, ruddy countenance was sufficient welcome, although he insisted upon announcing the fact that he was "right glad she'd come at last as Rubie had near gone clean out of her senses for fear of some evil like a-falling on her mistress."

The fresh breeze through the blossoming trees imbued the atmosphere with an exhilarating and inspiring fragrance. Spring was at its height and the country glowed with promising indications for a plentiful harvest. The breezy drive brought back the roses to Evelyn's cheeks, which heightened a *tout ensemble* of

the finest type of American beauty. On approaching her home she saw the faithful maid on the steps, in the attitude of a statue, with extended hands and tearful eyes, it being evident that she could not speak. Evelyn smilingly greeted her, saying, "You see, dear Rubie, that I have arrived safe and sound." Whereupon the "statue's" tearful eyes gave her brother a sly look of warning equivalent to saying, "never breathe of my anxiety;" but the act had been already committed. Tom and his family were never known to keep a secret, the cautious Rubie being the only exception. Evelyn, quickly perceiving the pantomime, decided at once not to allude to the harmless assertion concerning his sister's untiring solicitude.

V.

Dr. Brooke's Visit to Fairfield

"Oh! love was never yet without
The pang, the agony, the doubt."

It is quite essential that our heroine, Evelyn Sheridan, should be described as to physique as well as to character, although in the opinion of many physique and character have nothing whatever to do with each other. In most cases deformity of physique is accompanied by beauty of character, while beauty of form is frequently marred by deformity of character. Still, a pure, holy, young life is often endowed with a fine physique, rendering more and more attractive the indwelling loveliness and purity. Purity and holiness are the greatest beautifiers and do not fade, being ineradicably bound up with the soul itself to which they belong through all eternity.

Evelyn Sheridan was gracefully slender, appearing at times almost a tall woman, though

as a matter of fact she was of medium height, not towering above others, still never considered *petite*. Her features were regular; her chestnut brown hair was brushed simply over a low forehead, where it grew in natural waves and became almost golden in the sunlight. Her eyes were of a light hazel, blending well with her hair, yet frequently assuming a cerulean hue. Her complexion of the finest texture was delicate in the extreme, often heightened by a charming coloring indicative of perfect health. Evelyn was thus externally equipped for the social world. She cared very little for mere appearance, thinking continually of how she might make the most of her advantages to help those who were less fortunate than herself.

Dr. Wesley Brooke lazily descended the steps of the public library when he suddenly encountered his friend Lindsay Livingston. After a cordial greeting, Dr. Brooke congratulated him upon the recent Farrar legacy left to the church; alluding also to his personal windfall—the sum of ten thousand dollars, saying that he wished "it had been twice that amount. Mrs. Farrar fully intended to make a codicil I hear, in favor of her cousin, Miss Evelyn Sheridan, but you see how wrong it is to procrastinate in such matters."

Lindsay could not easily reply, being completely overwhelmed with surprise at the thought that he—only a friend—should have been considered, and even preferred to a worthy and beautiful relative, with little or no maintenance for her young life.

"By the way, Mr. Livingston, would you like to drive out there with me? I mean to see the old house at Fairfield—they say it is worth seeing; a Revolutionary relic, you know."

"I shall be glad to drive with you to Fairfield; having heard of the interesting old mansion, I would like very much to see it."

They raised their hats deferentially and each went his separate way, meditating quite differently, as may be supposed. Wesley Brooke at once selfishly wished that he had not invited Lindsay to accompany him on a visit that he had so long planned exclusively for himself, not caring to share it with another, especially with one who possessed the peculiar attractions of Lindsay Livingston. Lindsay, meanwhile, was occupied with high and lofty thoughts in regard to justice and the fitness of things, asking himself if it were right to accept what should have been given to another quite as worthy as himself?

Almost two weeks had passed when Evelyn received a kind note from Grandmother Far-

rar, with a package containing a very magnificent diamond crescent and valuable watch studded with diamonds which cousin Harriet had left to Evelyn's mother ten years previous, who wished them to be kept for her daughter. "These remembrances, dear Evelyn," wrote Grandmother Farrar, "I knew about from Harriet many years ago, and have insisted on their being sent to you at once. I grieve to say, dear child, that she never made the codicil for your benefit; its execution, you know, was prevented by her accident and sudden death. Her visit to you that last, sad day, was for the express purpose of ascertaining your exact position. I hope, dear Evelyn, that you will not think ill of our precious Harriet, who loved you devotedly, which is the reason of my being thus explicit as to the true state of the case."

One beautiful afternoon on the first day of June, carriage wheels were heard over the high road and Evelyn, remembering that it was her birthday, with almost childish vivacity sprang to the upper balcony and discerned a high English dog-cart driven by Dr. Wesley Brooke.

When one's sacred anniversaries are mysteriously discovered and appreciatively recognized by a new friend, there comes at once a bond of fellowship that is akin to love, a bond apparently occult and most insidious, as if one's

innermost thoughts belonged to another, beyond all questioning. Dr. Brooke had recently called on Grandmother Farrar, and hearing her casually say that "June first was dear Evelyn's birthday," he secured a large box of American Beauties and ordered his horses for a drive to Fairfield. He came unattended by his coachman, thinking that the latter would be decidedly *de trop*, and fortunately for him the ever ready Jim Slocum appeared in the nick of time to drive the horses to the stable, promising to look out for them "all right, indeed, sir;" but suddenly discovering the great box, captured it and sprang forward, saying: "I think, sir, you forgot this 'ere something."

Wesley grasped the box, seeming a little *distrait* for an instant, yet being a man of the world, quickly turned to his hostess with a merry laugh, and said:

"Why, this is not mine; it belongs to Miss Evelyn—her birthday roses."

They entered the hall, and if the box had been already opened one might have supposed that the crimson reflection of the American Beauties had heightened the exquisite bloom upon Evelyn's face. Meanwhile, as Dr. Brooke endeavored to disentangle the roses from their resting place, she secretly wondered for a moment how it were possible that her birthday

could have been known to such a slight acquaintance!

Wesley Brooke was graduated from Harvard College at the age of twenty-one. After travelling a year in Europe at the request of his father, he visited many of the finest hospitals abroad preparatory to a course at the Harvard Medical School, where he was subsequently graduated among the brilliant men of his class, often being told by the members of the faculty that he was a "born physician." During this period his parents passed away, leaving a large fortune to be divided between Wesley and a maiden sister, who had recently died in Paris of fever contracted in Rome.

"Dr. Brooke," for so he was called by his associates, might have been a valuable acquisition to the medical faculty and eminently useful as a practising physician, considered, as he was, specially gifted in his chosen work; but finding himself alone in the world, with the care of increasing possessions, the income of which could not be easily disposed of, he decided not to bring his talents into practice, nor did he wish to stand in the way of any other fellow-student who might financially be less fortunate.

Thus, having ample time at his disposal, he thought nothing of crossing the Atlantic when-

ever the desire seized him, visiting many historic castles on the Rhine, remaining some time at Coblenz and at Cologne, where he collected a choice variety of relics, sketched the weird scenery and visited the marvelous Cathedral with its numerous and elaborate turrets—the one which remained for years unfinished and was finally completed at a fabulous expenditure. Here also (in Cologne) he became extremely interested in producing several fine sketches of the ancient and historic church of St. Ursula, supposed to contain the bones of eleven thousand virgins. Having travelled all over the Continent, Dr. Brooke soon found himself so burdened with relics that from time to time his art treasures were carefully packed and sent to America. In this pleasurable way of travelling he became a lover of art and a cultivated antiquarian. There is, however, an end to all material things; being weary of travel, and not having any special aim in life, he finally sighed for the atmosphere of his native land.

Let us now return to the old mansion at Newton, where we left Evelyn and Dr. Brooke standing in front of the massive entrance, the grand old doors of which were thrown invitingly open, leading into the spacious hall. Evelyn was completely laden with flowers, like a

statue of Flora; her gown of white nun's veiling gracefully draped in clinging folds, resembled sculptured marble fresh from the chisel of a master hand. There were no ornaments worn and not a touch of color, only the simple white drapery. Wesley Brooke seemed like one perfectly spell-bound; he could not speak for an instant—to him the "ideal woman" was the central figure. The flowers, their fragrance, the old Copleys and relics all crowded in upon his vision—a *tableau vivant* never to be effaced from memory. Realizing the expediency of a hasty return to his normal condition, he exclaimed with enthusiasm:

"I had no idea of the beauty and grandeur of this historical old mansion; it is indeed a Revolutionary relic."

Evelyn's faithful maid at once took possession of the gorgeous roses, while Wesley sprang forward and, seizing a single specimen of rare loveliness, requested Evelyn to wear it, specially for his sake. The flower was gracefully accepted and with some difficulty she placed the thorny stem in her belt ribbon. Wesley, thinking it insecure and wishing to place it more becomingly, suggested pinning it upon her lovely white chiffon, placing it there himself in the most approved manner.

To a connoisseur these art treasures and

relics of the Revolution were indeed a rare treat. Realizing that Dr. Brooke thoroughly appreciated the surroundings, and that these sacred heirlooms were of the utmost interest to him as an antiquarian, Evelyn became, as usual on such occasions, quite in her element, describing in detail many historic treasures which had descended to her from past generations. Dr. Brooke at once determined to remain until the cool of the evening and to drive back to the city by moonlight.

They sat on the broad piazza under the deep blue canopy of a cloudless sky, watching the mysterious constellations, interrupted occasionally by the falling of a star. Evelyn broke the silence by saying:

"I must enjoy this dear home as much as possible, as scarcely five weeks remain before I sail for Europe."

At this announcement Wesley Brooke seemed very much disturbed.

"With whom do you sail, Miss Evelyn?" he asked.

Whereupon she explained her proposed plan of joining a conducted party for five months, simply to gain information of foreign scenes for future use in carrying out a literary scheme in London. Wesley was not prepared for this grievous disappointment; indeed it was almost

a shock to his usually strong nerves, being a man who was never thwarted under any conditions, assuring himself always that he could secure anything and everything that he desired, even through payment of fabulous sums, if essential to his well-being.

After a brief silence he replied:

"Do you think that in leaving your home you will be happier? Is it because of your loneliness?"

Evelyn looked him full in the face with her beautiful eyes glowing in the moonlight:

"It is quite natural," she said, "that you, Dr. Brooke, and many others, should consider me erratic in leaving this dear home to travel with strangers, but some day it may come to light that my object has been a good one." The silence invited her to go on. "How wrong it would be to remain here, if it were possible to do so, when by grasping an opportunity for foreign travel I might become fitted to increase my advantages—I may say, blessings—and help to make the world better for my existence. I must do something for the many, many souls who are suffering for the want of an outstretched hand! Dr. Brooke, do you realize what a privilege it is to be rich?"

Being a thoroughly practical man in regard to his wealth he could not easily frame a reply.

Having only a vague idea of her real meaning, and thinking only of the extent of his fortune, in an instant he realized how safe it would be to bestow his worldly goods upon one so wise, beautiful and gifted. Wesley suddenly changed his position and stood for a moment opposite to Evelyn as if to expand his confused ideas and place them in a pleasing groove to win, if possible, the fairest of the fair.

"May I sit here?" he said, seeing a vacant chair by her side. The smile of assent being sufficient he found himself near enough to become eloquent; not being quite sure of his ground, however, and thinking it wiser to feel his way, he said a little huskily:

"Why do you consider it a privilege to be rich?"

Knowing he was a stoical, practical man, having no power to imagine anything beyond a material sense of the phrase, she replied as if in explanation:

"I think it a privilege if wealth is rightly made use of—no man truly owns anything except that which he consecrates to the service of God and his fellow-men."

At this revelation from his "ideal" Wesley Brooke became impressed with a sense of his utter unworthiness. His past life seemed a blank. He indeed possessed nothing, never

having consecrated anything to his fellow-beings, much less to the glory of God. He drew a deep sigh, as if recovering from the weight of a heavy burden, then said:

"Miss Evelyn, I had something quite different to say to you this evening, and now I can only ask, what will you advise me to do that I may become worthy?"

Evelyn mistook his meaning, thinking that he wished only to become worthy in consecrating his life to his fellow-men. She did not think for a moment of herself, but replied:

"If I were you, Dr. Brooke, I should be almost overburdened with work. What a blessing you could be to thousands!"

Wesley's train of thought was quite different from Evelyn's. He feared only that she might consider him indolent, occupation under all conditions being essential to manliness.

"Miss Evelyn," he earnestly replied, "you have not yet answered my question. I wish deeply to become worthy of your—friendship. I would relinquish a great deal for your sake, although it must not be considered a sacrifice, because in pleasing you it would be my happiness." He continued in a low tone: "How —may—I—become worthy?"

She did not even then realize his exact meaning, but replied:

"The most essential thing in life is to become worthy of ourselves, of the great charge in our keeping for the advancement of God's kingdom upon earth. This is surely a sacred injunction, and universally taught, from the cradle. 'Thy kingdom come—on earth as it is in heaven.'" After a brief silence she continued: "There are some who have rare opportunities of extending to many the right hand of fellowship, following the method of our Divine Master, 'scattering truth and leaving it to germinate in the minds of men'. It is also possible for every human being to contribute a ray toward the Royal Diadem, as by a miracle even a cup of cold water given in His Name becomes a spiritual gem. You know," she continued, in a sweet, subdued tone, "the Divine touch mysteriously changes a simple, material thing into a secret, priceless blessing. To become worthy then, Dr. Brooke, we must not expect reward for well doing, or to be benefited in any way for what should at once become a privilege and grateful duty in the cause of righteousness."

Evelyn leaned against the back of the great armchair, resting her lovely head with perfect composure, then silently folding her hands with evident serenity waited for her electrified guest to reply. Meanwhile Wesley Brooke

had become overwhelmed with a sense of absolute littleness and utter inferiority to the only woman whom he had ever loved so profoundly that he would have made any sacrifice to convince her of his devotion. Impetuously he arose and stood before his ideal and gazed into her lovely eyes with reverent admiration and love; then suddenly, as if to shake off the old Adam and free himself from his former indolence, he restlessly strode back and forth from one end of the piazza to the other.

The silver glow of the placid moon, combined with Evelyn's quiet influence and strong personality, soon brought a soothing balm to his over-wrought nerves. Gradually he began to realize the lateness of the hour, and the perilous drive home without a coachman; and he feared that he had wearied Miss Evelyn with an unusually prolonged visit. These being his reflections he almost abruptly excused himself for being thus thoughtless and inconsiderate of her welfare. The horses were ordered, and Dr. Brooke expressed a strong desire to repeat his visit in order to continue the subject of "Life Work," which was indeed a revelation, as it had never appealed to him in any form whatever.

VI.

The D. R. Chapter Meeting.

The Freedom that shall endure through ages emanates from the Giver of life.

A few weeks only remained to perform the many final duties connected with the breaking up of an old estate. The portraits and historic paintings were to be sent to a Loan Exhibition, and given in charge of a friend; also the relics and other works of art, it not being considered safe to leave them unprotected. A few of the antique furnishings were to remain untouched until such time as Evelyn might be fortunate enough to be able to renovate the old mansion. Before dismantling the home of its treasures, Evelyn determined to open the doors to the many who had never dared to ask permission to enter the precincts of the Revolutionary dwelling.

Her first thought was for the poor Slocum family, whose children were her special care at the chapel on Sundays. Phoebe Slocum

and her brother Rob were quite superior to the other children of the family, possessing an innate love of the beautiful in nature. Rob endeavored assiduously to reproduce on canvas everything that impressed him favorably, while poor little Phoebe indulged in visions of better things which were quite beyond the reach of their limited means. Evelyn, knowing this, had determined at some future day, if it were possible, to assist them substantially.

An invitation was speedily sent to the Slocum farm, including the entire family of eight juveniles, to pass the following afternoon. Another missive was despatched to the Judkins farm requesting the presence of the six young children. As this was the first invitation of any kind that had ever found its way to these isolated families, the agitation on receiving it may be imagined! Arrangements were at once made to lengthen the skirt of Matilda Ann's muslin frock, while one of Mother Slocum's dresses was hurriedly transformed into a most approved party gown for Phoebe, who was considered by all to be the flower of the family. Little was left for the younger ones, but bibs and aprons were devised to cover patched homespun materials—literally "air-looms"—and very much the worse for wear.

The Judkins children were called together and informed of their good fortune in being included in the party up at the grand house. A dress rehearsal was held on the previous evening with instructions as to "comp'ny behavior," that no mistakes might be made on such a momentous occasion.

Meantime a marquee or light canopy was set up on the grounds to protect the children during the heat of the day, and here were cooling refreshments arranged by Rubie, who was constantly on the alert, feeling the pride of kinship in her brother's children. The day was mellow and not uncomfortably warm. Vegetation seemed to be at its height. The wild flowers were luxuriant and sweet-brier roses everywhere scented the atmosphere of Fairfield.

As Evelyn was in the garden arranging little bouquets the children appeared marching two by two with measured quickstep, hand in hand much like toy soldiers. It was a comical sight as the fourteen guests approached the gate. Young Robert Slocum, taking the initiative as leader of the fantastic procession, left the ranks and raising his hat advanced toward the hostess presenting her with a mysterious package, saying:

"This, Miss Evelyn, is a sketch that I have made of your home."

The recipient was much surprised and pleased at the sight of an accurate and artistic drawing of her beloved homestead. After an appreciative acknowledgement of its genuine merit, and warm thanks to the gifted but untutored artist, they entered the hall to behold a revelation of wonders. Robert, the young artist in embryo, was entranced as he gazed at the old Copleys and many of the ancient Digby landscapes which had been brought from England more than a century ago. Evelyn stood by the side of this youthful enthusiast, and realized what his young life might become had he only a strong arm to carry him over the tide to success. She gave him all the information he sought, assuring him of her desire and intention, if possible, to advance his work. Not wishing to appear partial to only those who interested her, she requested little Polly to sing her favorite song, whereupon the child hung her pretty head and declared that her "big sister Phoebe" knew "a lot of verses," hoping by this piece of information to change the current of conversation and thus be relieved of the obligation to "show off." This little contrivance was adroitly managed as the elder "sister Phoebe" being questioned, explained that, during her school vacation and while at work in the village factory, she had noticed

that many of the weary girls employed at the looms were often sadly disheartened when a mistake was made. Upon leaving the factory Phoebe wrote a few lines of encouragement for her young friends who were obliged to continue their laborious routine. With little persuasion Phoebe repeated her first poem, which was received by the juvenile audience with lively applause.

For an immature girl of twelve years these lines certainly promised much—a foreshadowing, possibly, of a brilliant future—and Evelyn felt impressed with the thought that, with proper guidance and education, Phoebe might some day put her talents to good use and possibly become famous. The glorious afternoon had been all that was propitious and most enjoyable, and made an indelible impression upon the minds of these restricted country juveniles.

The "Daughters of the Revolution" who were members of the "Sarah Leffertson Chapter" had arranged with Evelyn for a society meeting at her home the previous year, but her mother's prolonged illness had prevented the execution of the plan. Although late in the season Evelyn decided to reserve a day for those of the Chapter who were still at home, as well as for the general public. This she con-

sidered a duty to her ancestors—once more, and perhaps finally to entertain those who devotedly cherished their memory.

Cards of invitation were speedily issued by the Chapter for a certain day and hour on the following week. It was an ordeal for Evelyn, so soon before the dismantling and breaking up of the beloved home, but circumstances and even the weather proved opportune. It was a glorious day upon which the doors and lattices were thrown attractively open, filling the rooms with the aroma of honeysuckle and clematis, while continuous melodies from warbling birds served as a charming symphony to enliven the occasion. The lovely hostess appeared to belong to her inherited surroundings, apparently formed to fit her position harmoniously.

The previous day she sent a special card to the young curate, Lindsay Livingston, requesting his presence. There not being time to reply by note he decided to accept in person. Soon after the other guests had arrived Mr. Livingston entered the hall, being the only "Son of the Revolution" present. He was not at all dismayed, however, by the clamor of female voices, which soon subsided as they were requested to come to order by the distinguished Regent. After the various papers had been read and the announcements made

known, the members became desirous to examine the relics and enjoy the portraits of Revolutionary fame, while a few were more intent upon traversing the rambling old house in order to discover the many curious recesses and hidden cupboards so customary a century ago.

As Lindsay Livingston had been notified only on the previous day he had not had time to prepare an address for the occasion; he however thought it possible that, as he was a "Son of the Revolution" and a guest of the "Daughters," they might expect him to greet the Chapter with at least a few remarks. The Regent consulted with the hostess as to the appropriateness of inviting Mr. Livingston to speak to the "Daughters", in consideration of his being a "Son of the Revolution" and chaplain of a Chapter. While driving to the house he had wished that he might be able to suggest something that would promote the welfare of the Society. After a few words with the Regent and subsequent introduction to the members, Mr. Livingston with dignified grace first greeted the Regent and then politely saluted the "Daughters." All eyes were directed toward the speaker who with clear resonance of voice began by saying:

"I will only detain you a few moments, and take for my topic 'Inherited Freedom.'

"This grand and beautiful word, Freedom, is greatly abused and wrongly interpreted. Foreigners, for instance, who are restricted in their own country, often think that if they can only paddle their way to America it will be quite easy to live as they please—in liberty. Freedom of speech and freedom of living in every sense of the word are most attractive to the minds of many who do not understand their true meaning. A country that is freed from a monarchical government and one that has also freed itself from the yoke of slavery! These well known facts we may not now dwell upon; yet we must not pass them by without realizing that they come down to us as an inheritance for which we thank God, not losing thought of our brave ancestors who fought the good fight for the freedom of this land.

"I wish first to speak to you of your illustrious forefathers; possibly there are many who believe that they inherit freedom only through their united deeds of bravery and valor. It is indeed loyal and most natural to honor those who have sacrificed their lives for this grand and glorious country, making it free and peaceful for us to dwell in, but this is not the 'Inherited Freedom' of which I would like to speak to you this afternoon. It is quite another freedom, which belongs to every human being

throughout Christendom, coming as it does only through Christ, who, 'by His sacrifice once offered, freed the world from the bondage of sin.' 'Inherited Freedom' then is universal and comes down to us through the same loving Christ, not only while we tarry here but forever through eternity. Let us not lose sight, then, my sisters, of the true meaning of 'Inherited Freedom,' which signifies much more to us than we as mortals are able fully to comprehend."

After these impressive words Lindsay Livingston retired into a quiet recess leading to the great hall. For a few moments silence reigned, as no one wished to disturb the solemn influence of a subject so entirely new to a Chapter meeting held by the Daughters of Freedom. Evelyn Sheridan remained for a few moments like one in a trance until the Regent gracefully arose and broke the silence by saying:

"I think, ladies, that we have all been very much impressed by what we have just heard from a 'Son of the Revolution.' It has indeed been a revelation to many of us, naturally prone as we are to love the freedom of our land; the danger is great however, if we dwell too much upon the transitory freedom derived from material things."

In a few moments the grand old mansion

fairly vibrated with the swell of a hundred voices as they sang "America," which terminated for the Chapter a memorable occasion. Although Lindsay Livingston would have enjoyed lingering longer in the atmosphere of the fascinating mansion, he thought it expedient to take a hasty departure, realizing that Evelyn's feelings were much more to be considered than his; meanwhile she silently thanked him for his wise discretion and dignified demeanor.

VII.

The Party Sails on the Alva from New York

"Nor deem the irrevocable past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain."

Only a week remained before the sailing of the "Alva" on the fifth of July from New York. The private European party was under the chaperonage of Mrs. Maitland, who agreed to take Evelyn under her special care Being a woman of strong motherly instincts she was greatly drawn to one whose beauty and loneliness sadly required a protector.

There are always a thousand last things to do and as many more words to say before sailing for Europe. One does not feel quite at ease in regard to trifling details for several days previous to the day of departure. There is always an anxiety as to the possibility of omitting matters of vital importance, especially

if one has unavoidable interruptions in the midst of final arrangements.

Old Lady Farrar became fondly attached to the faithful maid, Rubie, and had written to Evelyn to say that her friend the curate, Lindsay Livingston, would like just such a person as Rubie Slocum to wait upon his invalid mother in the country; whereupon, the position being considered a desirable one, Rubie accepted the offer and resigned herself to the mournful occupation of watching her young mistress from one room to another, with an expression of gloom. Evelyn cheerily endeavored to rally her spirits, declaring that before many weeks Rubie would be devoted to Mrs. Livingston without a trace of regret for her recent dilapidated home. "In a few years," she continued, speaking to Rubie, "you may possibly find me here, but then I shall have no claim upon you if your new home with Mrs. Livingston is preferable to mine."

Rubie, poor soul, bravely checked her tears, but could not reply. Three days only remained before the party were to sail from New York, and on one of these days the clattering of horses' hoofs was heard on the highway. It appeared that Wesley Brooke and Lindsay Livingston were driving toward the old mansion. The coachman drove into the shade

under the sheltering elms, which indicated that their visit would be a brief one. The visitors alighted, walking a short distance to the broad piazza. Here Evelyn was seated at a small table surrounded by writing materials, being in the midst of farewell missives and final injunctions in regard to the care of her home. The young men were simultaneously impressed with this charming picture of womanly grace. On seeing her guests, Evelyn came forward with a dignity and repose of manner that would have done credit to a princess. Extending her hand she exclaimed:

"This is indeed an unexpected pleasure, so shortly before I leave America."

Lindsay Livingston and Dr. Brooke were totally different types of men, and this fact impressed itself on the mind of Evelyn as they came together. Wesley Brooke had a purpose in wishing his friend Lindsay Livingston to accompany him on this farewell visit. He had heard of his being favored with an invitation to the recent "D. R." reception, and that he had made himself quite a hero upon that occasion.

After the customary stereotyped greetings, they comfortably seated themselves on the grand old veranda. Lindsay Livingston enquired as to the day and hour of sailing, and when the party expected to leave for New York,

adding that he trusted that Mrs. Maitland might always be relied upon as a responsible chaperon. To all of his questions Evelyn replied with confidence and composure. It did not take long for Brooke to realize that he had a decided rival in the person of his friend, and he suddenly electrified his hearers by announcing his intention of sailing on the same steamer. Lindsay Livingston mildly enquired if Dr. Brooke had engaged his passage, suggesting that, as the steamer was a desirable one, it might be difficult to secure a state-room. Brooke contented himself with the reflection that money will overcome almost any obstacle and, tapping the balcony in a nonchalant manner with his Derby he replied that he had crossed several times on the "Alva," and within a few weeks had written to reserve a state-room whether he sailed or not; "it being always," he observed, "a wise thing to do you know. I think now, that without doubt I shall have the pleasure of sailing on the same steamer with Miss Evelyn,—that is, if she has no objection to my following in her train."

With childlike simplicity Evelyn clapped her hands in applause, saying gladly:

"Now I shall have a friend at Court among a host of strangers!"

This did not appear altogether in the light of

a compliment, reflected Dr. Brooke, when, to his surprise, Lindsay Livingston magnanimously uttered an exclamation of pleasure, thinking only of Evelyn's happiness and safety among people who were wholly unknown to her, with the exception of the excellent chaperon. She glanced at Lindsay's fine face, and with her usual keen perception saw there an expression of disinterestedness mingled with satisfaction in the thought of her well-being. From that moment Evelyn understood his secret, unselfish devotion to her. For some time she had been convinced of his preference for her society, and yet at this crucial moment he seemed absolutely happy and willing to resign her to the protection of another—not, however, she felt sure, with the thought of losing her altogether. Oh no; such men know their strength, which is greater than the power of mere riches.

Afternoon tea being served, the maid furtively eyed her prospective master; then, dropping a curtsy, respectfully reminded "Miss Evelyn" to arrange for her journey to the country home of Madam Livingston. This important matter being at once decided, the coachman was summoned and the guests departed, Livingston smilingly waving his hand and saying: "I shall hope to see you tomorrow at the train." Brooke also waved

his Derby, being quite satisfied with the superior advantage of the steamer.

That evening the trunks and boxes were despatched to various places of safety. The house now bereft of its treasures seemed hollow indeed and dreary to behold. Rubie busied herself with numberless details conducive to the comfort of her young mistress, while Evelyn glided into her beloved sanctum, remaining there a full hour, undisturbed by the sound of the world, to gain new strength to leave all that she loved in order to breathe a higher, broader life in a foreign land.

The following morning the keys were given finally to the faithful Slocum family, with all necessary injunctions in regard to the care of her home. Evelyn appeared a very bird longing for freedom, while the disconsolate Rubie scarcely dared to raise her tearful eyes for fear of a sudden overflow.

Mrs. Maitland and her party of ladies were waiting at the station, and steamer trunks, having preceded their various owners, were taken in charge by Mr. Harold Perkins, who attended to the luggage in New York, preparatory to sailing. Mr. Perkins was graduated at Harvard, and a few years subsequently had taken a course at Heidelburg; thus he was considered an efficient guide. Only a brief

time remained for parting words when suddenly a manly form was seen descending the steps to the platform of the station, which proved to be none other than Lindsay Livingston. Miss Margaret Bleaker with her young sister had preceded Evelyn, secretly expecting without doubt to capture their friend Dr. Brooke at the station, hoping to induce him to return to their attractive home for a drive and late dinner. They did not dream that he was already on his way to New York, feeling, as he did, a little uncertain of securing comfortable quarters on the "Alva."

Lindsay Livingston greeted the Misses Bleaker cordially and immediately enquired for Miss Evelyn, who proved to be nearer than he had expected, as he immediately discovered her lovely head in the sunlight, above the shoulder of little Miss Bleaker. She smilingly returned his greeting, when he called her a "very Flora indeed," as she found it difficult to secure in both hands great bunches of violets, lilies and roses. One bunch of violets which seemed most precious, she detached and held before him, as if he were acquainted with its secret.

"Mr. Livingston," she said, "have I ever really thanked you for speaking so bravely to our D. R. Chapter?"

"Yes, a thousand times;" replied Livingston in a subdued tone.

Evelyn continued:

"I must tell you that I shall never forget your words; they will be of immense value to me through life. 'Inherited Freedom' means so much to us all; and that is why I am leaving my home and friends,—in order that I may know how to make the most of my gifts and some day become equipped to help to spread the wings of freedom above those crippled by circumstances over which they have no control."

Livingston heard the approaching train as though it were the sound of an earthquake, or some such convulsion of nature. He realized the preciousness of the few moments that remained, and earnestly requested to be permitted to hear of Evelyn's safe arrival, to which request she gave an affimative answer; then, with a "God bless you!" and one last look he walked silently away.

Mrs. Maitland, like a faithful mother in Israel, gathered her special flock and critically surveyed them, to be sure that none were missing. The train then slowly steamed out of the station and through the familiar and dearly loved scenes of childhood, bearing its human freight toward an unknown future.

On his return from the drive to Fairfield, Dr. Brooke had arranged final matters late that afternoon, leaving on an early train the following morning for the Empire State, preferring to arrive before the conducted party.

It is always wise in sailing from New York, especially if one is obliged previously to journey on a train, to reserve one day for rest and perfect quiet, thereby not only retaining one's strength for future requirements, but also securing time for the little final requisites and incompleted arrangements which, if omitted, might cause serious inconvenience. The Fourth of July, although a boisterous day without, was passed indoors by Mrs. Maitland and her friends quietly and comfortably, preparatory to the following eventful day.

The morning of the fifth proved a glorious one. The hour of sailing being ten o'clock, Mr. Harold Perkins advised an early breakfast, after which the party assembled in the wide corridor of the hotel, where Mrs. Maitland consulted the conductor upon various final matters of importance. In due course of time the "Alva" was reached. It was already alive with passengers and their guests, who were assembled in little knots, laden with gifts of flowers and dainty packages whose secret contents were not to be disclosed until certain days upon the briny deep.

On boarding the steamer with the party Evelyn discerned the anxious countenance of Dr. Brooke peering in every direction, as though searching for some special object. Upon discovering Mrs. Maitland and her friends his expression changed to one of relief; as he reached the side of Evelyn, her undisguised pleasure at seeing him was most natural, realizing as she did the advantage of possessing a friend at court. The members of the party were entire strangers to Evelyn, but Mrs. Maitland, being a diplomatic as well as an energetic chaperon, had succeeded in securing a party of congenial people, who in agreeable intercourse with each other were sure of mutual benefit, in addition to the educational advantages offered by the tour.

The moment of leave-taking had arrived; signals were given, the gang plank was adjusted for shore-going visitors, and hawsers and pulleys did the work of general separation.

It is to a novice a unique sensation to find one's self suddenly and finally cut off from all communications with the ties of home and country. Precisely at ten o'clock the "Alva" sailed away under a favorable wind and tide, taking a southerly course for France, due at Boulogne-sur-Mer, weather permitting, in less than eight days. Mrs. Maitland and Evelyn

immediately absented themselves to arrange their effects in a very limited state-room, when Dr. Brooke, tapping at the door, said most courteously and opportunely, that his more spacious apartment was at their disposal, he having found a college friend who had persuaded him to share his commodious quarters. He simply begged their acceptance as it would be much more suited to their requirements. This proved indeed a generous offer, as everything desirable seemed to be already secured, and the ladies had been quietly endeavoring to make the best of grievously disappointing accommodations. Dr. Brooke appeared thus at the very outset a friend indeed, a fact of which Evelyn had felt assured from the moment when he had decided to "follow in her train."

Diplomatic society men well understand the necessity of gaining the good-will of the chaperon in order to accomplish an ultimate object. Thus it came about that good Mrs. Maitland invariably came in for the loaves and fishes which seemed always ready to fall in her way. From long experience with young people, her ideas of decorum were most pronounced and far beyond the prevailing standard of the twentieth century.

VIII.

Evelyn Suggests Building a Hospital at Newton

"Unfathomable Sea, whose waves are years!
Ocean of Time, whose waters of deep woe
Are brackish with the salt of human tears."

The night was clear and calm; the sea delightfully smooth; the sky utterly cloudless, brilliant with familiar twinkling eyes, as if bent on following and guiding pilgrim souls through weary nights of perils o'er the deep. The motion of the steamer in consequence was very slight. The members of the party were agreeably dispersed and comfortably ensconced in their various steamer chairs. Mr. Harold Perkins and Mrs. Maitland were assiduous in arranging everything for the comfort and convenience of their friends, being indefatigable in their devotion to the ladies.

Miss Bernard and her brother from New York were members of the party, intending to

visit relatives in London subsequent to their tour on the Continent. Arnold had already discovered two classmates on board, Dr. Brooke and his life-long friend, Percy Blakely. Their united pleasure on meeting reminded one much of a greeting of happy school-boys after a lapse of years. This being the second day at sea, Evelyn and Miss Bernard had found leisure to chat most agreeably, as it soon became apparent that they were mutually interested in friends in New York and in London, and were in fact almost, if not quite, related to each other. Relationship by marriage is frequently as close as that of blood, especially when separation by land or sea occurs in the case of the latter. Thus it happened that both Evelyn and Dr. Brooke found themselves in the midst of a little coterie of cordial friends.

The glorious reflection of the wonderful moon lent its loving guidance over a broad and shimmering pathway of flickering amber, into which the steamer appeared to glide as if by magic, gloomily encircled by an unfathomable sea. Miss Bernard and Evelyn were supposed to be comfortably ensconced in their bulky steamer chairs, enveloped in rugs of immeasurable dimensions; but if the truth were known, the polite young stewards in their anxiety to place people where they belonged and to ar-

range them comfortably, sometimes overstep the mark and literally pinion a helpless female with unmanageable wraps until she is fortunate enough to be released by some observing Good Samaritan. Arnold Bernard was all devotion to his sister and rejoiced in the thought of her new-found friend. He remained for some time in animated conversation with Evelyn, when Dr. Brooke suddenly appeared, accompanied by his class-mate, Percy Blakely, who was quite a different type of character from Arnold Bernard. Evelyn had never yet met such a man: a thorough man of the world, who had travelled extensively; one who judged women entirely from the social point of view, seeming to be attracted only by the unattainable, and yet never having made a forcible impression upon any. He was quite convinced, however, that he possessed all the qualities necessary for winning his ideal. The chances are that such a type of man is most likely to remain in single blessedness for an indefinite term of years, unless he undergoes a radical change in his attitude toward women. A certain timidity also characterized him; he was habitually wary of his devotion to ladies lest his attentions might be misconstrued. With men, on the contrary, he was "hail fellow, well met," jocose and witty. He secretly recognized the

fact of his own susceptibility in the society of fascinating women, often timidly fearing that they might not be altogether eligible. With these characteristics, he sought only for worldly advancement among the élite of America, thinking it wiser to curb his susceptible enthusiasm until his ideal dawned in sight.

Wesley Brooke appeared in high spirits, declaring that such a night was altogether too fine to be wasted in steamer chairs, whereupon he requested Evelyn to stroll across the deck with him, leaving his friend, Percy Blakely, to the tender mercies of Miss Bernard. They gaily strolled the entire length of the great ship when Evelyn came to an abrupt stand, making a charming picture in the moonlight. Wesley ordered camp chairs and seemed like one in a dream as he gazed at her beautiful countenance. The silence invited him to speak.

"Miss Evelyn, I wish that I might be as sure of your happiness as I am of mine this evening."

They were watching the ambient glow upon the water under the vast starry canopy of heaven.

"Yes," she replied, "I am happy and very grateful, but I cannot become perfectly happy until I am able to do something—yes, even a great deal—for the good of others. It seems

to me that true happiness is so wholesome and invigorating that it warms one into piety much more effectually than any amount of grief." After a brief silence she continued:

"Some persons insist, however, that they are better for their afflictions. To a perfectly consistent optimist all things work together for good, whether adversity or prosperity."

Suddenly it occurred to her that Wesley was considered a stoical man, "with no power to imagine the unseen." Her judgment was partially correct—he stood with one hand on the rail, staring away from her apparently at nothing. Still she believed him possessed of a manly, generous nature, although his religious education had been, no doubt, sadly neglected.

Meantime the thought had come to him of this girl in a foreign country, surrounded by distracting elements, with little or no means and possibly without the right kind of friends. These reflections were overwhelming indeed. Evelyn gave the impression of being thoroughbred, not from the manner in which her clothes were fashioned, but from the unconscious atmosphere which surrounded her and gave one the instinctive feeling that she had from infancy been wrapped in luxury. All at once Wesley seemed to awake from his reverie and, seating himself beside her, said in a gentle tone:

"May I ask, Miss Evelyn, in what way you propose to work for others?"

She laughed girlishly, and replied:

"That depends, Dr. Brooke, upon my resources. Do you think that I have any?"

Whereupon they joined in happy laughter, more for the sake of the pleasure of it than for any deep meaning in their mirth, Wesley declaring that her resources were "boundless—inconceivable riches" being hers.

After a slightly prolonged lull, Dr. Brooke resumed:

"Do you remember, Miss Evelyn, our conversation on the occasion of my first memorable visit to Fairfield?"

"Yes, Dr. Brooke, quite well."

"I asked you then," he continued, "how I might become worthy, and you did not give me the reply that I desired."

Evelyn's heart fluttered and, fearing that he might continue in the same strain, she adroitly endeavored to change the current of his thoughts.

"I have often wished to say something to you, Dr. Brooke, that has occupied my mind for some time. If you were a married man I should not dare to approach the subject, but as you have no ties and only your own personal expenditures, perhaps you might be per-

suaded to consider the advisability of building a hospital at Newton, where it is sadly needed, only twelve miles from the city of Boston."

"Miss Evelyn," he at once replied, "I shall be glad to consider your suggestion. It is well that you have referred to my not having a wife; and I pledge myself from this moment, never under any circumstances to attempt to win one, unless fortunate enough to secure the founder and promoter of this enterprise."

Evelyn could scarcely frame words for a reply. Not thinking of herself, however, with a radiant smile she extended her hand most heartily to her gallant suitor, who held it in a reverent way, placing his other hand over her dainty fingers, as if to take advantage of a privilege which might never be his again.

Evelyn presently recovered her natural poise; with lovely hands folded in the attitude of Evangeline, she kindly, even benignly, allowed her gentle eyes to look into his face with an expression of unspeakable gratitude; then, not knowing the extent of his vast wealth, and thinking that he might consider his acquiescence in the light of a pecuniary sacrifice, continued in rather a subdued voice:

"I hope some day, Dr. Brooke, that you will understand how grateful I can be; and now I would like to say a word about yourself before

we part this evening. I fear, however, that you will think me presuming, forward,—perhaps unwomanly."

Before he was actually made aware of her purpose she exacted a promise from him, then and there, that he would not be offended, nor think her judgments harsh. Laughing heartily at this, he said that her "harshness would be much like the sound of an Aeolian harp in a summer breeze!"

As the shadows were deepening and the evening evidently on the wane, little time remained for Evelyn to present a vital theme that had long been near to her heart in connection with the projected hospital. Leaning forward so that Wesley might hear quite distinctly, she said appealingly:

"It troubles me often to think that you are not a practising physician, when in every respect you are so eminently fitted for the work. How valuable you might become to the anticipated hospital, and to broadcast humanity."

Quick as a flash he lost all thought of her previous indifference and became conscious that she, at least, cared what became of him. It may be well to premise just here that, for years, Brooke had been courted by scores of society belles and scheming mammas, but, not being a susceptible man, their blandishments

had been of no avail. He had never pictured to himself an ideal until he met Evelyn Sheridan the previous winter at Mrs. Anson Farrar's. It was then that he realized for the first time the possible happiness of possessing a home with such a woman for a wife.

Evelyn now waited with downcast eyes for a response to her very personal criticism in regard to his taking up his profession. Wesley drew quietly nearer and said almost inaudibly:

"I have always been a sort of good-for-nothing, you know, not wishing to stand in the way of other men in the profession, but I verily believe there is room for us all. And you, Evelyn," (he breathed her sweet name faintly) "have given me a sudden impetus to work for my fellow creatures. Yes, and I may add that I shall work *with* money, and *without* price."

At this instant merry voices and approaching footsteps were heard. Arnold Bernard and his sister appeared, quite out of breath and full of glee, followed by the dignified and aesthetic Percy Blakely. It appeared that Arnold had been sent by his sister in quest of Evelyn. His pursuit having been for some time in vain, he declared that he had apparently assumed the character of a private detective in scanning the astonished faces of various secluded groups in order to satisfy the persistent anxiety of

Beatrice. After some lively badinage and with general good feeling the party dispersed on that memorable evening.

The insecurity and uncertainty at night during a dense fog at sea are appalling to a direful degree. Unconcerned sleepers are much to be envied—yet, is it wise and altogether desirable to shut one's eyes and ears against the undeniable possibility of impending calamity? For several days the outlook was utterly blank, becoming at last alarmingly dense. The faithful captain remained continually at his post on the bridge until the fog gradually lifted. As it cleared away, the grateful transition from the gloom of the fog into the clear sunshine caused a general elevation of spirits among the depressed passengers and a return of the liveliness which had first characterized them.

It would be folly to imagine that Evelyn was totally oblivious to the persistent devotion of Dr. Brooke, in spite of having baffled his laudable intentions upon several occasions, Far from wishing to lure him on, she endeavored assiduously to avert a declaration of his love. Frivolous flirting with Dr. Brooke, or with any other man, had never occurred to Evelyn, and would not have been in accordance with her ideas of sincerity and justice.

In the solitude of her own sanctum she often thought of Wesley as a kind, generous-hearted man, much like an older brother; and she wished continually that he might be induced to extend his generosity where it would alleviate the suffering of helpless humanity,—to those who are in constant need of means and protection against the ills that continually assail them. She did not dream that Wesley's desire in thus readily acceding to her request was mainly that he might become worthy of her love. Esteem, which is quite a different phase of friendship, had only occurred to Evelyn, her first thought being how he might become worthy of his trusteeship to the Giver of his countless blessings. Then suddenly it dawned upon her that, without doubt, he had mistaken her meaning; and yet,—womanlike—realizing her vantage ground, she still persisted in the discussion in order to benefit her fellow-creatures, many of whom might be lost without defence in a righteous cause. Evelyn seriously contemplated her position. She weighed the subject most effectually in its many phases, which naturally rushed in upon her mind quite unbidden. The situation had now become so conclusive that she at once conscientiously adopted a course of action that would no longer mislead—and still her pet

project must not be relinquished under any circumstances whatever. The ability and opportunity of doing this grand work she considered in the light of a blessing to the donor quite as much as to the grateful recipients: it being not only his bounden duty, but a rare privilege far beyond the power and ability of his less fortunate associates.

IX.

The Arrival of the Steamer at Boulogne-Sur-Mer

"O Lord that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness."

The few days that remained before landing at Boulogne-sur-Mer were most delightfully buoyant and exhilarating. All on board seemed on the *qui vive* of anticipation, having heard from headquarters that an earlier landing than usual was expected.

Mr. Harold Perkins was a typical American and proved his democratic spirit by having, at the end of the voyage, a friendly acquaintance with a host of agreeable passengers, among whom were two Congregational clergymen, several teachers, artists, and a little man who was much alone, attracting however a good deal of notice on account of his eccentric appearance. He proved to be His Excellency,

Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary of the Netherlands to the United States. Mr. Perkins found him a most genial, scholarly gentleman, and quite regretted parting with such a valuable acquaintance. Owing to ill-health, His Excellency, it appeared, had taken a leave of absence across the ocean, hoping to recuperate and regain strength sufficient for the continuance of his responsible office.

Miss Virginia Swift and her rigid maiden sister were also members of the Maitland party. These two ladies prided themselves upon being related to a famous artist of the name, and one of them, inheriting a decided taste for sketching, had produced some charming effects.

This being the last day on the great deep, each one of the party seemed to appreciate the waning beauty of the grand scene. It was the only occasion of their having been really all together. There was very little to be said and a great deal to be thought of in the light of the future. One by one they finally dropped off, and as Evelyn girlishly caught Mrs. Maitland's hand to follow in their train, Dr. Brooke requested the chaperon to leave her charge in his care for "only a little longer." Evelyn might have declined to remain but, as it happened, she did not, and good Mrs. Maitland relinquished her with many injunctions to "return soon."

Brooke secured a position directly in front of the railing overlooking the angry sea. The wind became stronger, causing more of a swell. Here they found themselves gazing mutely at the fascinating movements of the water, and Evelyn turned her lovely face toward his and said:

"Is it not grand? 'The noisy waves are apparent failures, but the great persistent tide is confident of success.'" Then she continued in a lighter tone; "I am so thankful, Dr. Brooke, that you do not intend to desert your profession, and that by living a new life under it the work will become for you and for others the greatest blessing."

Dr. Brooke did not reply but seemed like one in a dream, while she gazed abstractedly at the rippling sea. With an intuitive feeling that he was being soothed by her voice, she continued:

"It seems to me that our little every day strivings are also, like these 'noisy waves,' 'apparent failures,' but 'they gradually expand and merge themselves into an ocean of continuous strength.' Is it not a blessed thought?"

At this point Dr. Brooke rallied and, gazing full in her fair face with a wistful expression, replied:

"Possibly there is still hope for me. My

'little every day strivings like the noisy waves' certainly have proved thus far decided failures. Yet how will it be for me if I am like 'the great persistent tide'? Shall I be confident of success?"

"Yes, Dr. Brooke, in your profession; in your life work!" Smiling gently she continued: "Of my future I know nothing. I am in the hands of the great Moulder of lives."

She had risen from her chair, and Wesley dreamily adjusted her cloak, being satisfied to leave his fate in her keeping, to do with as she thought best.

After the continuous monotony of a sea voyage, the prospect and actual sight of land is a delight for the description of which words are inadequate. As the steamer was bound for Rotterdam, on approaching the French coast at Boulogne she anchored just outside to enable many of the passengers to disembark—Mrs. Maitland's party among the number. A little steamer came alongside and soon our friends were transported "to the haven where they would be."

Boulogne-sur-Mer is a most picturesque watering-place. All along the beach may be seen numerous bathing vans which are wheeled about at the convenience of the bathers. At the landing piers the attractive steamers are

gay with brilliant national colors and crowded with tourists. The buildings near the landing have a most artificial appearance, much like painted scenes at the theatre. This effect is carried out to a still greater extent when one discovers little painted balconies below each window—being only the semblance of veritable ones. The roofs are ornamented with artistic urns filled with luxurious vines and flowers. The fruit brought here in the summer is marvelous to behold. Strawberries are enormous in size, and served with the stems. Apricots are unusually fine, being about the size of ordinary peaches, and are served at breakfast in profusion.

Mrs. Maitland being desirous of reaching Paris as soon as possible, only one night was passed at this delightful summer resort. Dr. Brooke and his friend, Percy Blakely, left the party at Boulogne, arranging, however, to meet them at various points of interest during their extensive tour on the Continent. On reaching Paris, Evelyn gladly attached herself to the charming Bernards, who bestowed upon her the most gracious courtesies.

X.

From Paris to the Swiss Lakes

"Enthusiasm is the height of man; it is the passing from the human to the divine."

It is well known that there is everything in Paris to instruct and charm. The streets are delightfully clean, quite unlike many thoroughfares in our great American cities. It has often been said that "Paris is indeed the city of the present," as "Rome is the city of the past." Yet one sees in Paris at almost every turn rare historic relics of the past as well as priceless exhibits of modern art.

Mrs. Maitland and her friends were at once driven to the Rue St. Honoré, and speedily entered the court of the grand Hotel St. James. The day being deliciously cool, the immense glass doors leading to the various dining-halls were thrown open. The hour was six,—everything indicated preparations for a late dinner.

The extensive glass door windows were also attractively thrown open, disclosing a most enchanting view of a typical French garden. Blossoming shrubs and flowering plants filled the air with fragrance, and charming little paths wound their way through masses of verdure already glistening with the dew of evening.

During the three days following carriage drives were arranged for visiting the Palais de Justice, Ste. Chapelle, the Pantheon, the church of St. Etienne du Mont, the Luxembourg Gallery, the galleries of the Louvre, and many other noted places of interest.

The Gobelin Tapestry Works excited much enthusiasm among the American tourists. All along the line of work may be seen separate departments for each artist at his own special work. Here one sits before a wooden frame plying his nimble fingers rapidly in and out of a network of threads, much like the strings of a huge harp. While watching the progress of the work, as if by magic a charming leaf is suddenly revealed, then a lily, and a brilliant rose in quick succession—all woven in a marvellously short space of time, as the result of skill equal to that of many an artist of the palette and brush. Gorgeous tapestries are hung on the wall for inspection, one of these being

valued at sixty thousand dollars. Such luxurious art treasures are only intended for royalty or the multi-millionaire.

A whole day was devoted by the party to a trip through the Champs Elysées, through the Bois de Boulogne, by the race-course of Longchamp to St. Cloud. They then proceeded to the Grand Palace at Versailles, and devoted an afternoon to its treasures of history and art.

After days of varied experiences and delightful surprises, the party left Paris by *train de luxe* for Geneva, travelling all day through the most beautiful part of France, reaching their destination on the twenty-first of July. The atmosphere of fascinating Geneva is well known to be associated with Calvin, Jean Jacques Rousseau, Voltaire and Pradier.

Then came the enchanting trip by boat to the castle of Chillon on Lake Leman, so exquisite in its transparent coloring, and later by train along the beautiful shore of the lake to Lausanne, with its lofty peaks and sheltered valleys.

The noon train arrived at Berne in time for a drive through the picturesque old city, the capital of Switzerland. A late train was taken for Scherzligen connecting with boat on the lake of Thun, whence they proceeded to Spiez, one of the most charming spots on the beautiful

lake. The "Spiezerhof" being the destination of the party, Evelyn and Beatrice became filled with enthusiasm over the grandeur and sublimity of the scenery, as from their lattice overlooking the lake, at a great elevation, they found themselves literally in mid air among the fleecy clouds which floated like phantoms, seeming almost within grasping distance.

Here Evelyn became impressed with her nearness to the vast world of the beyond as she gazed from her window's height that first memorable night at Spiez, while watching the fascinating mists roll by, with occasional glimpses above at the starry heavens, and at the miniature boats on the glistening lake below, scarcely discernable. Faint sounds of voices like silvery music, and the occasional dipping of an oar alone indicated the weird presence of life on the lake. The lofty peaks on the opposite shore with an occasional snow crest lent additional sublimity to the enchanting scene never to be effaced from memory.

If one is seeking for a place where he may be truly inspired bid him go to Spiez, and if by any chance he should fail to grasp its proffered and exalted inspiration, let him resign his mistaken calling in whatever line of art or of literature he may have vainly chosen. Just here, be it remembered, at this never-to-be-

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forgotten Spiez, our heroine, Evelyn Sheridan, became impelled to complete her first famous work entitled "The Untrodden Pilgrimage." She remained for hours that night gazing at the marvelous snow-crowned Alps, and the wonderful firmament flecked with myriad planets. The earth appeared miles beneath the rifts of fleecy phantom clouds which floated below and above the balcony where Evelyn stood. This assertion might almost seem to reverse the law of gravitation, but is true of many another phenomenon, which continues to reveal the omnipotent Hand that unceasingly guides the helm of an unfathomable and wondrous universe.

Miss Virginia Swift, possessing an inherited talent for sketching, caught the contagion so prevalent among artists in the inspiring atmosphere of Spiez. Had it not been for the peremptory decision of Mrs. Maitland, Virginia and Evelyn would have determined to remain indefinitely at this charming place. Mr. Perkins also found it most difficult to convince the party that there were other places of equal interest.

An afternoon boat on the beautiful lake proceeded to picturesque Interlaken; thence the party made an excursion to the marvelous snow-crowned Jungfrau, being taken on the

elevated railroad in cars that were uncomfortably backed up by engines to an immense elevation, beneath the Jungfrau, the height of which is 4,167 meters.

On Sunday an impressive service was enjoyed at the little English church. A mite box placed in the porch with notice attached, requested contributions in aid of the destitute families of unfortunate Alpine guides, who frequently perish in the snow while following their perilous vocation.

Another excursion by boat on the romantic lake of Brienz is worthy of special mention. That this lake is not so blue as some of the other Swiss lakes is owing to the fact of its great depth;—in some places where the Giessbach Falls tumble into the lake it is nine hundred feet deep. This unusual depth renders it less blue than Lakes Thun or Geneva. The river Aar, a glacier stream, flows into the lake of Brienz, thence through Interlaken into Lake Thun, and finally through Berne—always retaining the wonderful glacial light-green coloring occasioned by the melted snow.

The picturesque chateaux all along the shore are scarcely discernible, being thickly shrouded by ancient trees and prolific foliage. Then came the wonderful scenery by train over the Brünig Pass, its giant peaks covered with

enormous foreign trees and gorgeous shrubs, which grew so near to the track that the passengers could catch the tempting branches laden with curious foliage.

The party left the train reluctantly, and by boat from Alpnach, proceeded to Lucerne, where they visited the celebrated old bridges and the famous Lion. Nor did they omit the superb organ concert, which was of course included in their itinerary, the young people especially being desirous of hearing the wonderful and realistic recital illustrating the celebrated "Storm."

XI.

San Marco and the Royal Guest

"No life can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife, and all life not be purer and stronger thereby."

Miss Beatrice Bernard, although possessing womanly grace, was quite unlike Evelyn, not being endowed with any specially remarkable gifts. She possessed, however, many lovely traits of character and a charming personality which endeared her to all who were fortunate enough to be her friends. Like most girls with artistic taste, while she enjoyed the grandeur of Switzerland and the beauty of its lakes, she longed for a sight of Venice and sighed at the thought of prolonging their trip when visions of gondolas seemed paramount to almost everything else.

Not so with Evelyn, however. She drank in the inspiration of the hour wherever good fortune carried the party—nothing escaped her notice. After dining at Lugano, she and her

friends the Bernards secured a boat on the delightful lake of that name, and dipped their oars to the music of "Margherita," while Arnold, the brother, secretly enjoyed the distinction of being the only man of the party, having now no rivals to cope with in his attentions to the charming Miss Sheridan.

A steamer was taken the following day for Porlezza, thence by mountain railway to Menaggio, where a boat was secured on Lake Como to Como. Here Virginia Swift and others of the party were on the alert with sketch books, endeavoring to reproduce glimpses of enchanting scenes under an Italian sky.

It soon became evident to Mrs. Maitland that the young people were anxious to reach Venice, as letters from there had been received announcing the fact that Wesley Brooke and Percy Blakely were impatiently awaiting the tourists. The itinerary had been arranged for Milan, Genoa, Pisa, Rome, Naples, Sorrento and Florence, before visiting Venice. Thus it came about that good Mrs. Maitland decided at once to leave that night by rail for Milan, proceeding thence to Venice, stipulating, however, that if possible the entire program should be carried out later.

There are many places of interest at Milan. The magnificent white marble cathedral with

its three hundred and fifty turrets; the King's Palace; the Church of Santa Maria delle Grazie, and the ancient painting of the Last Supper of Da Vinci, so obliterated with age and the hard usage of succeeding generations that after another century, if not before, it will undoubtedly have become a thing of the past.

Evelyn, Virginia Swift and the Bernards were seated together in a compartment which had been secured for their special benefit, on the train for Venice. Other members of the party had also been given their various assignments. Soon after the train had left the station at Milan, all sorts of visions were pictured from childhood's traditions, of fairy gondolas, with graceful gondoliers artistically arrayed in gayest of colors, lazily dipping their oars to the music of languishing harpists, while gliding by the many rows of silver palaces bathed in the deep waters of the Grand Canal.

How true it is that a long anticipated goal is not often speedily attained. While all were on the alert expecting to see glittering barges, gay gondolas and princely palaces, the train reached the unattractive, dingy station at Verona. One was here reminded of its ruined Arena, similar to the Colosseum at Rome, but of much less magnitude; also of the fair Juliet whose reputed tomb is shown, as well as a

sight of her favorite window and balcony. The average tourist is apt to be credulous, and to accept the statements made without doubting their verity.

After leaving Verona our friends at once resorted to Baedeker and consulted maps in order to ascertain the exact distance to the approaching "City of the Sea." Their flagging hopes began to revive when they perceived a strong odor of salt air from the not far distant Adriatic.

Thrusting and craning their necks from open car windows they could see little in the haziness of the atmosphere, and only an indistinct vision of a phantom-like city. "Venezia," at last shouted the guard in a shrill, stentorian voice. A crowd of well-mannered porters endeavored to seize traps and carry the party almost bodily from the train.

"There is 'er way to gondolas," shouted one very polite porter, wishing to display an extremely scant knowledge of English, as he struggled to secure several small portmanteaus. Just at that moment a well-built, fine young gondolier stepped forward, gracefully raising his willowy straw hat, gay with ribbons, announcing the fact that "Signor Wesley Brooke" had requested him to reserve a barge and gondolas for the use of Mrs. Maitland's party.

Meantime Mr. Harold Perkins was detained by Custom House Officers, who systematically peered into luggage with little or no fuss, except occasionally when tobacco or perfumery were discovered. All things being satisfactorily adjusted, Mr. Perkins soon appeared in sight; they then descended a great flight of marble steps to the water's edge, where a brilliant barge and gondolas awaited them. Dr. Brooke stood like a statue in the centre of the gorgeous, fairy-like barge, awaiting the return of his favorite Feolari. On seeing Evelyn, he sprang to the steps to greet her, at the same time assuring her friends that the gondolas were entirely at their disposal. Mrs. Maitland, Evelyn and the Bernards, as a mark of distinction, were placed in the finely equipped, red-cushioned barge, guided by the faithful Feolari; while others of the party were given a picturesque gondola which to them seemed quite as agreeable.

It is well to premise just at this point in the narrative, that the aesthetic Percy Blakely would be justly named in America a consummate "toady." His diminutive figure and peculiarly pale countenance, his well trimmed Vandyke beard and mustache, formed a good index to his true character. He habitually endeavored to insinuate himself into the good

graces of the most influential people. It had, indeed, become with him almost second nature to weigh and balance the possible advantage to be derived from any new acquaintance. Fortunately for him he possessed a tolerable income for a conservative single man; though it would barely suffice an up-to-date, fashionable woman for the little ordinary accessories that are considered requisite for a well-appointed toilet in the twentieth century. Thus it came about that, having already attached himself to his generous class-mate, Dr. Brooke, he was obliged to make the best of the present situation and politely condescended to divide his attentions between the two estimable young ladies, Miss Bernard and Miss Swift; while they, with keen perception, were quite equal to the occasion, realizing the true value of their devotee.

The lingering sunset had died away on the horizon, and the fairy lights upon the water were everywhere to be seen; only the splash and ripple caused by gliding gondolas could be heard, with an occasional plaintive lullaby, which was, no doubt, being rehearsed for some midnight slumber song.

On the gondolas sweep, darting into numberless canals, under low arches over which may be seen lounging Italians leaning languidly.

Soon the canal widens, affording an indistinct outline in the dense twilight of an imposing tower, the Campanile. Later on Dr. Brooke directs the attention of the party to the dismal "Bridge of Sighs," under which the gondolas speedily slide, as if to shake off the ill-fated atmosphere of gloom. After rounding abrupt angles the Grand Canal is reached with the "rows of traditional palaces" running close to the water's edge, seeming to approach and mysteriously welcome the new arrivals as they swiftly pass to their destination.

Suddenly Dr. Brooke inwardly rebuked himself for not having adjusted Evelyn's wrap which she had thoughtlessly discarded. The "damp, low-tide odor," so often alluded to, is at first unpleasantly penetrating, until one becomes gradually inured and fairly acclimated.

Their destination being reached, the wraps and traps were quickly captured by a huge porter in brilliant array, who politely announced the fact that "the rooms were ready for the American party at the left wing of the Grand Hotel." The water-steps were directly under an oval miniature passenger bridge which connects the great buildings under the same name and management. Here the gondolas were set at liberty and our friends entered the brilliant hall full of life and activity. Some

were intent upon reading, others conversing and sipping Chianti. Out upon the balcony were charming young people grouped in little knots of twos and threes, dreamily watching the fairy lights upon the mirror beyond, while listening to the soft, low strains of distant music, which gradually approached nearer and nearer, until the swell of voices in chorus announced the arrival of a moonlight serenade.

After a late repast Mrs. Maitland assigned the various rooms and, like a faithful chaperon, took special charge of the demoiselles under her sacred keeping.

That first night in Venice! Is it possible for any one to forget it? The little marble balcony leading from one's room is so enticing that the thought of sleep never occurs to one—rather would one be conscious of a real waking dream than lose the reality, and trust to the arms of Morpheus for something that might prove uncanny and quite preposterous.

The beautiful dome of the Salute nearly opposite glowed in the silver moonlight like an immense opal, and later, with the deepening shadows, gradually faded into the exquisite blending tints of violet and amethyst.

The following day was devoted to visits to the Basilica of San Marco, the Doge's Palace and the Prison Cells, the Church of the Frari

where Titian is buried, and the heart of Canova; also the Rialto and the interesting markets.

Dr. Brooke and his friend, Percy Blakely, after a sumptuous *déjeuner*, appeared at an early hour thoroughly equipped for a day's tour, and graciously offered their exclusive services to Miss Evelyn and her friends. While they were seated in the gondola that glorious morning, Dr. Brooke reflected with some nervousness upon Evelyn's preoccupied manner, so unlike her usual gracious way of affably conversing upon agreeable topics with her many friends. This morning she appeared obviously changed, at times smiling radiantly, and then relapsing into an attitude of deep abstraction—apparently oblivious of all about her. Wesley became greatly troubled in spirit until, to his sudden relief, he saw his paragon take from her coat pocket a small note-book and jot down, here and there, impressions by the way.

Miss Swift, who sat near, caught the perturbed expression upon the countenance of Dr. Brooke and quietly whispered, so that only he might hear: "Miss Sheridan writes every day. She began at Spiez; we think she is writing a book." Wesley breathed again more freely, remembering Evelyn's words in America:

"To expand and become equipped in order to help those who are less fortunate than myself;" this actually being, in substance, one interpretation of "Inherited Freedom."

The anticipation of possible success in any worthy enterprise is most exhilarating to a novice. Those who have enjoyed the experience of applause often become *blasé*, like many a spoiled prima-donna who is thoroughly accustomed to and indifferent over successive victories. But the early dawning and awakening that inspire a soul with the possibility of becoming a power for good in the world, are the very essence of spiritual exaltation—an exaltation which can never be equalled, much less surpassed even after the climax of success has been attained, owing its origin, as it does, to the awakening at the very fountain of inspiration.

On entering San Marco with noiseless steps, an instinctive feeling of awe steals over one's senses and, finding some quaint, hallowed recess for quietude and serious thought, one is reminded of "the history of the eventful past made doubly sacred by the magnitude of its present splendor." The massive swinging lamps with subdued light reflect and enhance the beauty of the gorgeous marvels of intricate mosaics. The high, imposing altar appears

almost overburdened with its weight of fabulous treasures, amid massive pillars of exquisite alabaster and porphyry, taken from Constantinople and the East. Such an interior can never be fully described or appreciated. San Marco has been appropriately likened to "a great mosque" teeming with the wealth of centuries.

Dr. Brooke and Evelyn sought the quiet of a shadowed recess for repose, among the many overwhelming and unsurpassed treasures of antiquity. Meantime the silent cortége of tourists passed under the vast dome of canopied gold with its marvelous frescoes; it is almost beyond comprehension how such work could have been executed and safely secured in position by human artisans. After listening to an incoherent old guide who garrulously narrated a stereotyped account of the various masterpieces and costly marbles, our friends reluctantly hurried away, crossing the open square covered with the pigeons of Dandolo, waiting to be fed by a throng of admiring visitors; while others of the flock were circling in and out among the clouds, often descending and resting upon sacred pinnacles of shimmering bronze; then suddenly swarming like bees in dense numbers. Birds of a noble heritage! descending from a beautiful carrier dove, the

bearer of despatches to the famous Admiral Dandolo, with good tidings of peace which terminated the eventful battle of Candia. Just here, in the blaze of the "Royal Sun" are the well known, ever conspicuous and imposing columns of Saint Theodore and of the Lion of Venice, stationed like stupendous sentinels at the right of the Palace of the Doges, that marvel of the fifteenth century! Later on in the afternoon, the centre of this grand piazzetta was a blinding glare of dazzling glory. The majestic tower of San Marco with its "pinnacled angel," fairly blazed with the ambient glow of the gorgeous sun. The day being now on the wane, having been literally well spent by the tourists, Brooke insisted that the ladies must immediately rest under the shadow of the grand piazzetta, making the suggestion especially to Miss Evelyn, whom he quietly captured. Soon they were seen lazily sauntering under the sheltering arcade to various attractive shops, laden with multifarious Venetian gewgaws.

Evelyn possessed a charming faculty of discernment, seeming to enjoy thoroughly only a sight of the beautiful in which she had a feeling of ownership; she gauged all things according to their real value, caring not for the fictitious money valuation put upon them.

Dr. Brooke knew well that Evelyn thoroughly appreciated every rare thing, and, as only a work of genuine art ever attracted his notice, he at once selected among the dainty feminine novelties a delicately wrought white lace fan, with pearl frame of rare workmanship, the texture of the round point fabric being most exquisite; the monogram, with twining intricacies of dainty lace-work seemed quite significant to Wesley, as he discovered the initials "E. S." with a graceful stroll much like a capital "B," woven in the centre of the lace. They were informed that one of the nobility had ordered the monogram, but she had been called into mourning, and a fac-simile in black had been substituted. The gem was of course secured, and fittingly presented to Evelyn by Dr. Brooke; but alas! to his evident surprise, although she expressed a sincere appreciation of his kind intention, she gently begged him not to bestow it upon her, saying in a subdued tone, "Keep it for your wife; it is most appropriate for a bride." Whereupon Wesley bit his lip and replied: "I shall keep it for you, none other. Do you not see the monogram? You must have it when you become a bride." He then placed the fan carefully, almost sacredly in his coat pocket, feeling that with such a significant monogram it quite

belonged to him already, if it never could be really hers in point of name.

At that moment a squad of *gens-d'armes*, with measured step, crossed the square, much like a staff of army officers and quite as important as many in the service of their country. This imposing formality announced the arrival of high dignitaries officially serving as escort to several royal guests. There were two princes of royal blood connected with the ancient house of Fondăco de' Turchi, also Prince Giovanni Pico, of the famous house of Pico, and the German Baron von Steinitz. The visitors were attired in gorgeous uniforms and adorned with medals of various orders of distinction.

Suddenly the sound of a bugle was heard, and immediately the distinguished guests were taken to a royal barge for a visit to a special palace on the Grand Canal above the Rialto. One of the party, however, Baron von Steinitz, did not enter the barge but made a signal to his friends and with a few abrupt words in German, still remained standing on the marble steps. The precise words at parting were not intelligible to the Americans. The baron was dressed in the uniform of a German Field Marshal, with Hessian boots—a sash and sword added distinction to his appearance.

It might be well to say here that young Bernard had passed several winters in London while taking a special course at Oxford. His American aunt had married Sir Edwin Percival of Grosvenor Square, London. Here were entertained many distinguished lords and ladies during the gay season. Baron von Steinitz with his handsome Parisian wife had visited Sir Edwin and Lady Percival the previous year, shortly before the rapid decline of the baroness, and her subsequent demise. Before reaching the royal barge the baron had recognized young Bernard with the attractive Americans, especially the beautiful Miss Sheridan who, with Dr. Brooke, had joined the Bernards and Swifts to return to their gondolas. Like a typical American Arnold impulsively sprang forward, at first not quite believing his own eyes. The baron, with charming courtesy, extended his hand, exclaiming in English, "How happy I am to greet you again, Signor Bernard:" then, gazing at Evelyn, he continued: "I shall hope to meet Miss Bernard, the niece of Lady Percival."

Arnold Bernard graciously returned the greeting and presented the baron to his sedate little sister, Beatrice; while the baron, realizing his mistake, adroitly and courteously made the best of his disappointment. Beatrice

would not generally have been considered strictly handsome, but being an accomplished conversationalist, her affable manner and quick perception soon made up to the baron for the fact that she was not the lady whom he had most desired to meet. She at once realized the baron's mistake and, after alluding pleasantly to her aunt, Lady Percival, presented him to the lovely Miss Sheridan and the Misses Swift; also including Dr. Brooke and the highly distinguished Percy Blakely. The baron thus gained his point in learning the name of the charming American. The fact that she was not the niece of Lady Percival did not now make the slightest difference.

Arnold instinctively surmised that the Parisian wife no longer existed, having been a confirmed invalid for years, while sadly clinging to the frivolities of fashionable life until her feeble strength gave way and the last thread snapped. The baron had always felt a pride in her physical beauty, but there was no magnetism or loveliness in her nature to bring out the best that was in him. He fulfilled his duty to the last, but there had always been a void in his life which he never could quite understand, believing his wife to be, without doubt, quite equal in character to the average woman.

Bernard became naturally elated at the sudden apparition of the baron, never having expected to meet him again, especially on the Continent. They soon entered into a lively conversation as Arnold explained the details of their extended tour with a select, chaperoned party, and then casually alluded to his sister's friend, the beautiful Miss Sheridan, as a "highly gifted young lady, whose ancestors were famous in the American Revolution." When the gondolas finally arrived Baron von Steinitz could hardly tear himself away and, being easily persuaded to join the party (his friends having gone before) he politely requested to be taken later to a certain ducal palace on the Grand Canal, where his presence was momentarily expected. The three gondolas glided gracefully along, like so many swans craning their necks to the measured swing of the alert gondoliers, who seemed to bend their dripping oars in perfect unison.

Evelyn sat opposite her devotee, Dr. Brooke; her picturesque hat had fallen and remained at her feet quite unheeded, she seemingly lost in reverie. Her profile and repose of figure would have made an exceptional study for almost any critical artist. Baron von Steinitz nervously glanced at Dr. Brooke with evident disfavor, supposing him to be her accepted

lover; then, with an air of superior dignity and feigned indifference he carelessly observed to Dr. Brooke that he thought "American women were allowed unusual freedom."

During this speech the baron's eyes were riveted on the beautiful and fascinating figure before him. Brooke inwardly groaned at the insinuation and replied:

"In America females are treated respectfully as women, and given an opportunity to become leaders; yes, even equal to many of our distinguished countrymen."

The baron raised his heavy brow, dilated his aristocratic nostrils, and with evident incredulity enquired:

"Pardon, Signor, do you consider a woman's intellect equal to that of a man?"

Swelling with indignation, Dr. Brooke replied:

"Opportunity is what they require; I am aware, however, that in Germany it is considered essential that women should be kept under strict surveillance." After recovering breath he continued:

"'The higher education of women', as you will see, is 'visibly gaining in the present century, and when it is universal they will be equipped for leadership all over the world.'"

As the baron did not reply Dr. Brooke continued:

"She would not wish, however, to eclipse men, but to help to mould and influence them as to the true meaning of their life work."

The baron smiled satirically, wishing that he might hear more upon a subject which appeared vague and inconsistent, and, leaning forward, raised the picture hat, gallantly restoring it to his lovely vis-à-vis. Evelyn had heard Wesley's vindication of women and secretly wished that there might have been opportunity for adding a word in behalf of her beloved countrywomen. The ducal palace being already in sight, the baron, with evident uneasiness at having to depart, awkwardly stumbled over himself, endeavoring to make a pretty compliment, and then requested that he might have the honor of being allowed to visit the party at the Grand Hotel; this request being granted, he raised his white-gloved hand to his brow, and with distinguished hauteur reluctantly strode from the gondola to the water steps that led to the ducal palace.

Once more the faithful gondolier, Feolari, resumed his graceful attitude of swaying and poising with the gentle breeze, while the splash and rippling cadence of the water had a soothing and lulling effect upon the voyagers.

XII.

Venice and the Royal Barge

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control
These three lead to sovereign power."

The following day a visit was made to the beautiful and sacred Santa Maria della Salute, as it gleamed above the horizon nearly opposite the Grand Hotel; thus the gondolas were not long in reaching the landing. This spacious, dome-covered church was erected in 1631 in commemoration of the plague having ceased in Venice. Here the object of special interest —leading to the right—is a most interesting chapel, fairly teeming with works of art.

The immense painting by Tintoretto of the Marriage at Cana, occupies an imposing position with the figure of Christ as the central object. For vivid expression and natural color-tints this painting is said to be unsurpassed. Another work of art (over the altar) is the magnificent painting of St. Mark, by Titian,

which is considered by many to be his masterpiece; the superb ceiling frescoes are also among his finest works, painted about 1543, under the influence of Correggio.

On leaving the chapel to enter again the beautiful Salute, the massive door being guarded, was carefully opened and finally closed and locked by the sacristan in charge, not however, until he had politely exacted the usual pittance for his stereotyped services.

The few remaining days were devoted to visiting the famous Venetian glass works, also the Royal Lace Manufactory under the patronage of the Queen of Italy. Here young women may be seen intently occupied on elaborate designs of every description of rare lace, from the simple "Renaissance" to the finely wrought "Appliqué" and "Round Point." After a trip to the Lido past the Public Garden, including the Bridge of Sighs, a visit was made to the interesting Church of the Frari, erected in 1250–1338, a cruciform church in the Gothic style. This terminated for the party the third day of sight-seeing at Venice.

The following evening was a memorable one and began with the lengthening shadows. The little balconies were taken possession of by the young people for that last, never-to-be-

forgotten night. Dr. Brooke and Arnold Bernard, remembering that "possession is nine points of the law," secured a balcony long before the appearance of the ladies. Were there ever such fairy lights on land or sea? Here there is nothing but crystal sea with tints of every hue reflected and magnified, until the radiance becomes indescribably dazzling.

Mrs. Maitland soon arrived with her charming débutantes, for such they appeared in their soft, floating gowns of delicately wrought fabrics. While the young people were seating themselves a bugle was heard, with low strains of distant music swelling nearer and nearer, until a royal barge approached, with Venetian pennants and brilliant lights.

Preceding this barge was another, decorated with fantastic streamers attached to novel lanterns in brilliant colors. Here were the musicians, men and women in gayly artistic Venetian dress with elaborate flutes and decorated tambourines. Their lovely voices would have been sufficient without tbe aid of accompaniment, as they sang the fascinating "Margherita," and "that loveliest of all the Venetian boat-songs:" "*Fammo, jammo, neoppa jammo ja.*" Upon the arrival of the royal barge, Dr. Brooke immediately arose from his seat in the balcony and waved his hand to Baron

von Steinitz, who presented a striking appearance as he stood on the magnificent barge and graciously returned the salute. He was accompanied by his august friend Prince Giovanni Pico, who also doffed his chapeau with dignified courtesy. All heads were craned from balconies and lattices at the approach of the royal guests. They were met at the water steps by Dr. Brooke, Arnold Bernard and the irrepressible Percy Blakely. The entrance hall was fairly crowded with guests, many of whom were Americans, and a few notable foreigners. All gazed with interest at the distinguished prince and baron, while they were being conducted to the attractive balcony occupied by a coterie of charming Americans.

His lordship, the baron, with evident chagrin realized that he had not been assigned to the place of all others which he coveted, as by mere chance Prince Giovanni took possession of the vacant seat nearest to the fascinating Miss Sheridan. Meanwhile, the vivacious and diplomatic Virginia Swift endeavored to monopolize the attention of the German baron. How fortunate it is that, as a rule, men seem utterly oblivious to the petty jealousies among society women, and seldom dream of the existence of such an element, even when they too are intimately concerned. Virginia

Swift was a born American, but of French extraction. She inherited the most consummate taste, and was exquisitely artistic in every possible detail. Although simple, her gowns were faultless; she knew her power in this respect over her less favored sisters who, though often far superior in point of personal physique, had not the gift of enhancing their attractions, which to her had become second nature. Baron von Steinitz glanced furtively at his attractive blond companion, being visibly impressed with her altogether fine aspect. He instinctively addressed her in French, in which Virginia replied most vivaciously. The baron, pleased for the time being, seemed oblivious of his immediate surroundings, while his companion appeared exalted by a sense of victory which she had hitherto vainly endeavored to attain. It had not taken long for Virginia to realize intuitively that Evelyn was born to be universally beloved; also that it was needless for Evelyn to endeavor to enhance her charms or to attract attention in any artificial way. The undisguised devotion of the distinguished Dr. Brooke, and his decided preference for Evelyn had been galling indeed to Virginia, who often argued the subject in private most unsatisfactorily with her wealthy maiden sister; but here was a rare chance for triumph

with a rich German baron, of which she intended to make good use. Meanwhile the spinster sister—a regular martinet—adjusted her lorgnette, as if resigned to fortunate fate, and held herself uncomfortably erect, like a typical American aristocrat.

After some pleasant badinage with Virginia, the baron became a little uneasy, seeing that his friend Prince Giovanni appeared to be enjoying his tête-a-tête with the beautiful Miss Sheridan altogether too much to allow him any opportunity for himself. Dr. Brooke, appreciating the situation, ordered ices and other refreshments, which brought about an immediate social transformation among the guests. Baron von Steinitz however, soon managed adroitly to secure the chair formerly occupied by his friend the prince, and with evident admiration gazed at the charming Evelyn, and said not a word; while she seemed entranced with the cadence of the rippling water, as the graceful gondoliers in passing bent their dripping oars in unison. Suddenly, as if aroused from a reverie, Evelyn raised her head and gazed full upon the susceptible baron, saying:

"Pardon, Monsieur le Baron, my abstraction is inexcusable when you have so kindly honored us by your presence on this last memorable night in Venice."

The silence invited her to proceed:

"I admit being absorbed in thought; my visit here has been of such value to me in every sense of the word."

The baron immediately remembered the words of Dr. Brooke in speaking of equal rights for women; "opportunity is what they require;" and then, as if to ascertain Miss Sheridan's views on the subject he replied:

"May I ask Mademoiselle what she means by the word 'value;' possibly she is writing a book on 'Equal Rights for Women.'"

Evelyn's face became like the damask rose. His slight acquaintance did not justify him in probing a subject which, if not in readiness for publication, should only have been spoken of by a few select friends. With evident embarrassment she replied:

"No, Monsieur le Baron, I shall not undertake to write a book on that special subject; still, there are similar topics that bear upon the higher education of women, which will gradually influence and mould their lives to become qualified for leadership."

Just at that moment Dr. Brooke, having heard the controversy, smilingly appeared as her champion. The baron seemed greatly interested in the theme and enquired:

"Who are the women of special influence in America?"

"Those women," said Dr. Brooke, "who are eloquent on the vital subjects of the day, often the wives of public men, who influence the characters of their husbands for the good of the American Nation."

Baron von Steinitz raised his heavy brows and shrugged his shoulders with evident incredulity, saying:

"How can all women become eloquent?" To which Evelyn quickly replied:

"Any woman may become eloquent; for instance, when she and her children are ruined by a domineering and dissipated father; then it becomes imperative to plead for protection and safety."

She looked like one inspired—a very queen submitting a vital question to a subject. Then, as if she expected no reply, but enjoyed the privilege of vindicating her sex, she continued:

"A woman's mission is not to hide her light under a bushel, but to allow it to shine broadcast that it may shed its light upon the dark places of the world."

The baron appeared electrified by this sudden declaration from a high-minded, beautiful woman, and admitted that there was very little liberty for women in Germany or France, where their superiors in charge were most rigid in maintaining a constant espionage over them.

He also admitted that he knew very little about the form of government in America. Still, it seemed to him most inconsistent and undignified for women to vote. Whereupon Evelyn replied that, "if women were allowed to vote, the standard for men would rise to a much higher dignity." She then went on to say that, "In many of the charitable societies the educated leaders have great influence over the lives of the ignorant suppliants, who are often crushed at home by worthless, abusive husbands. 'The women who wish to vote are not the frivolous, ignorant ones, but the highest type of womanhood,' who," she continued with a benign expression, "represent the better part of humanity."

The baron bowed assent, scarcely knowing how to reply to a subject that seemed to him utterly crude and quite absurd, but finally said that, "If all women followed a political life, there would be none left for polite society." Here the baron smiled most graciously, intimating that such a candidate for admiration as Evelyn could not be well spared from the social world.

This remark was like a stab to the noble mind of Evelyn, who continued with tremulous voice:

"No society butterfly can be called really influential compared with the woman who is educated and willing to speak to an audience, or one who can wield the pen to influence public opinion in any righteous cause."

His Lordship secretly admitted that never in the course of his life had he met with such exquisite feminine beauty, blending thus harmoniously with nobility of character. He also asked himself the question if it were possible for the American nation to produce many of such an unusual type of womanhood. After a brief hesitancy as to what he should say to terminate the controversy, he gallantly arose and bending his manly figure in admiration as if before a princess, replied:

"It is well known that women have been a strong power in the world, and will ever continue to be. The famous Queen Elizabeth, for instance, not forgetting Maria Theresa and Madame de Pompadour."

Dr. Brooke here came to the rescue, recognizing that this last speech was totally irrelevant to the topic discussed, showing conclusively that the baron was utterly incapable of catching the true spirit of the subject. Wesley then concluded the conversation with dignity and emphasis by saying:

"There is a vast difference in the manner of using power; in one way it crushes and annihilates; in another it strengthens and invigorates."

Prince Giovanni, meantime, appeared obviously interested in the fair, but designing Miss Swift, whose maiden sister's inevitable lorgnette suddenly became again adjusted quite conspicuously, in view of the attention of His Highness, the Prince. The baron's unaccountable behavior was soon forgotten, he was so agreeably exchanged for a genuine prince. Virginia, meantime, recognized the opportunity of her life, but suddenly her old characteristic feeling of jealousy reasserted itself. Fearing that she might lose a final chance, and continue to be depreciated in the presence of Evelyn, she adroitly assumed a superior air in speaking of her lovely friend.

The prince was quick of perception, and enquired in French:

"Were you and Miss Sheridan very near friends in America?"

"Oh, no," replied Virginia, "quite the contrary; I never met her until presented on the steamer."

This vague remark was perfectly safe, but the manner and mysterious air might mean much to a stranger and foreigner. Virginia

Swift must not be considered altogether evil-minded; she was a typical fashionable society girl, who wished always to gain her point, believing that she was never in the wrong in any possible way. She possessed decided views of her own in regard to everything and everybody. If thwarted by any one in the slightest degree, there would be no recognition or forgiveness until the offender sued for pardon almost in the dust.

The noble prince inherited possessions from his father's family, the Giovanni Picos, with a charming villa in France, as well as a castle bordering on one of the Italian lakes. He inherited from his mother's ancient French family the villa and valuable estate not far distant from Paris. Being alone in the world, however, he preferred to travel, possibly expecting to meet some fair lady possessing larger estates than his own.

Virginia casually raised her pretty hand with graceful poise and adjusted the elaborate chiffon serenely, and with evident composure watched the pleased expression upon the countenance of the distinguished prince, while he secretly admired the becoming jewels upon her beautiful hands. At this moment Evelyn had risen as if to part with the baron; seeing this, Prince Giovanni felt a strong desire, before

leaving, to learn something more of the beautiful American, and as Miss Swift seemed quite willing to be interviewed he mildly enquired:

"Miss Sheridan has, I hear, a fine estate in America?"

"Indeed," replied Virginia, in fascinating French, "I had not heard of it. She resided in a Revolutionary homestead which was quite too dilapidated to renovate. I believe she has decided to write, having already completed a book which is to be published in London. Her ancestors were famous, but strange to say, she has no property whatever, except a heap of relics and the ancient house!"

Suddenly the sound of a bugle was heard, which signal announced that the royal barge had arrived for the guests to depart. The prince at once experienced a revulsion of feeling at the sound of the bugle, which proved a death knell to Miss Virginia's anticipated prospects.

Prince Giovanni Pico was a man whose prejudices were ordinarily on the side of people of influence—but here stood two countrywomen side by side: the one beautiful in person and character had said nothing; the one, supposed to be her friend, less beautiful, of indifferent characteristics, had said everything! His Highness was a just man, and inwardly

sympathized with the beautiful, defenseless woman, whose book he quite longed to peruse, if only for the sake of the writer. After a brief farewell, with the anticipated possibility of meeting the tourists in London, the guests departed on the brilliant barge, much more quietly than on their arrival, owing not only to the absence of music, but to an indescribable void that terminated for them a memorable visit.

XIII.

Evelyn Completes her First Book for Publication.

"There is no substitute for thorough-going, ardent and sincere earnestness."

Mr. Perkins and Mrs. Maitland decided to leave the following morning for Rome. The day of departure was bright and beautiful. Before leaving Venice, in passing the gloomy palaces on the Grand Canal, the family gondolas were ever conspicuous, like so many private equipages, waiting at the water-steps below the fine entrances. The Browning Palace appeared dismal indeed, being closed for the season. It was formerly owned by a royal prince, the last member of an illustrious family; when he passed away, it fell into the hands of the Brownings.

Dr. Brooke and Percy Blakely not being members of the Maitland party reluctantly felt it incumbent upon them to take their de-

parture, having decided upon a different route, and soon the hour arrived for them to part with their appreciative friends.

Although it is often a boon to have a congenial spirit at hand with whom to exchange thoughts and words, yet it is at times quite as essential to be left to one's self for silent reflection; thus it came about that on the train Evelyn lost no time in collecting her notes, and arranging them in proper form; many of these had been written at home, while others had been accumulated from day to day. Her first volume, "The Untrodden Pilgrimage,"—how much the title contains! It is quite certain that in this vast world there are many pilgrimages yet to be trodden and still attainable, in order to fathom the purpose of a marvelous universe. The title is a significant reminder of the eternal pilgrimage from which no traveler returns; but the goal when attained will become the very acme of spiritual conquest.

Mrs. Maitland and Harold Perkins were busily engaged at the station at Venice in regard to the checking of luggage, it being thought wise to retrace their steps and visit Genoa and Pisa—thereby reserving the time required later, and also breaking the monotony of a fatiguing journey, it being decided to terminate the tour at Rome. This sudden change

of program appeared most agreeable to all concerned. After a quiet, uneventful day on the train, Evelyn progressed rapidly with her manuscripts, until she began to feel quite repaid for the loss of her friends, often being consoled by the restful companionship of her devoted friend Beatrice, whose loyalty could always be depended upon.

On reaching the Genoese railway station, all were on the alert, as the history of this city, justly named "La Superba," has been brilliant and eventful. The familiar statue of the immortal discoverer, Christopher Columbus, at once greeted the Americans, arousing within them a renewed feeling of friendship for the enterprising son of Genoa, "who discovered the link between the nations, and revolutionized the destinies of the civilized world."

The following day was devoted to sightseeing in Genoa. First a visit was made to the Royal Palace, then to the San Lorenzo Cathedral. It was erected in the twelfth century, on the site of an older church. A chapel in this cathedral is consecrated to the memory of John the Baptist; below the altar are relics of the Saint brought from Palestine during the Crusades. Here only the men of the party were allowed to enter, women being prohibited from

crossing the threshold held sacred to the memory of the Saint, who had lost his head through the caprice of a woman. The church of the Annunziata was also visited, one of the finest in Italy, said to have been erected in 1587, at the sole expense of a Genoese family. It being a feast day, the most sacred relics were uncovered, and the immense marble columns were quaintly draped with antique crimson brocade, while other parts of the church were artistically hung with the same rich drapery.

A charming drive was taken the following day in the beautiful Acquasola, and a visit made to the wonderful Campo Santo, where may be seen fabulous monumental memorials, all works of art and many life size,—statues of the silent dead, whose wealthy descendants have spared no expense in reproducing their memorable traits in chiselled marble.

Mrs. Maitland being anxious to reach Rome, an early train was taken the next morning for Pisa. Meantime Evelyn and Beatrice enjoyed much in the companionship of each other;—"congenial spirits, bound together like dovelets of a kindred feather." Not so with Virginia Swift, who maintained a stiff composure, with an air of injured superiority, conversing incessantly in an undertone with

the soothingly sympathetic spinster Triphina, who appeared crestfallen, indeed, at the sudden turn of fortune, causing her to ruminate sadly over the result of blighted hopes!

At Pisa a drive was taken and a visit made to the interesting Cathedral erected in 1063 after the great naval victory of the Pisans near Palermo. Here one may see suspended the swaying chandelier whose oscillations led Galileo to invent the pendulum. This beautiful bronze lamp was designed by Battista Lorenzi of Florence in 1587. There are very few places in the world where one can find such a group of celebrated edifices as the Cathedral, the Baptistry and Leaning Tower, also the Campo Santo with its marvelous statuary and splendid tombs. This burial ground was founded by Archbishop Ubaldo 1183–1200. It is well known that fifty-three ship loads of sacred earth were conveyed hither from Mt. Calvary in order that the dead might repose in holy ground. The Baptistry is a wonderful, circular structure of marble, where the acoustic properties are most remarkable, as one cannot speak aloud without hearing an echo; the slightest sound reverberates indefinitely, and one becomes riveted with the fascinating spell while standing under this sacred and mysterious dome.

After a most instructive but fatiguing trip, our friends bade farewell to Pisa as the train steamed out of the station for Rome. When all were comfortably ensconced in their assigned places in two compartments, Mr. Perkins distributed the mail from America. There were several missives and packages for Evelyn, one evelope being distinguished from all others by its black edge, indicative of mourning. The handwriting was manly and noticeably unusual. Evelyn seemed much affected by its arrival and obviously considered it more precious than the others, yet opened it last of all. It was well that she did, as the others prepared her for the black-edged missive.

The young artist Rob and his sister Phoebe Slocum had written to inform "dear Miss Evelyn" that they were progressing famously in their studies. Rob had already disposed of several sketches in water-color, and Phoebe had written many poems and stories for magazines. They also mentioned the fact that old lady Livingston had passed away, and her son, the "fine minister," had left the city to accept a call to a large parish in Philadelphia. Phoebe also wrote:—"We all miss him very much, as he often came out of town to see us and advised Rob about his work and how to dispose of his sketches. He also took away

my poems and stories, and said they were just what he wanted; and before long he sent me a copy of the *'Youth's Companion'* that I might see my own little poems in print. Generally he sent a note at the same time with money, which he said I had earned for the poetry and stories, and this pleased me so much that I kept on with my studies, until now it is quite easy to write on any subject that he suggests. I believe he has a Church paper for young people, as he seems to think my little compositions 'just the thing' every time for a weekly edition. Dear Miss Evelyn, Rob and I intend to work hard and try to be famous, so as to live in Philadelphia some day and belong to Mr. Livingston's church. He tells us not to aim to be famous just for the sake of it, but to progress in order to help others, just as we have been helped by him. I told Mr. Livingston that Rob and I prayed for your safety every day, and he seemed greatly pleased. Aunt Rubie has gone to Philadelphia to be housekeeper at the beautiful new rectory. We all hope that you will not enjoy Europe too much and perhaps never return to your loving friends in America."

The other missives were soon perused; then came the final, mysterious one, last but not least. It came from Lindsay Livingston, who

feared that Miss Evelyn had not heard of his mother's serious illness; she having finally passed peacefully away. He also mentioned his new work in Philadelphia as being an agreeable change from the many sad memories connected with his recent bereavement and subsequent solitude. He then alluded to her beautiful home as appearing desolate indeed without her presence, trusting that she "might yet return to transform the aspect of gloom into one of perpetual sunlight." This letter was evidently nearer and dearer than all others, and consequently read and re-read, as well as folded and unfolded, until there appeared to be little left except the fragments; these were carefully preserved and consigned to a dainty card-case, being referred to on numberless occasions. Evelyn sighed for the companionship of those who could recognize and appreciate her work. She scorned a pedantic affectation of literary superiority, and although obliged to absent herself several hours every day, she longed to be among her friends again. Like a famous Italian critic, who was heard to say (having been a recluse for some time) "*Fra il popolo*"—"Let us go down among the people." Evelyn decided not to live to herself, having now arranged her first book for publication in London,

entitled "The Untrodden Pilgrimage."

The chaperon, Mrs. Maitland, seemed to be of the opinion that a prolonged day's journey by *train de luxe* was far less grievous to be borne than a succession of stoppages and unpackings, and plunging into unknown inns and pensions, with unaired beds. As the party journeyed southward the vineyards were apparent everywhere, the passing trains being often laden with barrels of the luscious fruit; and nothing but vineyards greeted the eye for miles of country.

The little hamlets built of rough limestone were faintly shrouded in verdure, with curious clinging vines and prolific foliage. Finally the flickering lights were seen gleaming in the distance, which signified the nearness to the approaching city; soon they became more numerous and dazzling as the train reached its destination at the station in Rome. Carriages were taken at once to the Anglo-American, Via Frattina, where our friends entered the large rotunda arranged for reading and as a waiting room for guests. A short flight of stairs led invitingly to spacious parlors for those who preferred quiet and seclusion.

XIV.

In Rome. A Visit to the Vatican and Sistine Chapel.

"To hold fast upon God with one hand, and open the other to your neighbour: that is religion."

The following morning while Evelyn was absorbed in writing at one of the desks in the rotunda, she suddenly raised her head and saw two gentlemen stationed at the entrance; they proved to be the baron and Prince Giovanni Pico. This was indeed a surprise.

It may be well to give some description of the Baron von Steinitz, who was a thorough German, florid in complexion, and mercurial, almost explosive, in temperament. He was an inveterate reader; his learning, however, was of the encylopedic kind, and he was anxious to ascertain all things more for the sake of gaining knowledge than to benefit others; still he might have been called a scholar of no mean pretensions. Ever since his memorable visit at

Venice he felt instinctively that Miss Sheridan was given to the use of the pen, as it often became quite noticeable that she endeavored to conceal a tablet and tiny memorandum book, to which she suddenly referred, jotting down items on fitting occasions.

Prince Giovanni was quite another type of man, being as much French as Italian, possessing an even temperament, and courteous to the utmost degree, with fine, aristocratic features and expressive eyes. His famous name and illustrious family were widely known throughout Italy.

On this special occasion Virginia Swift did not happen to be present to witness his marked deference to Evelyn. With foreign enthusiasm the prince turned to the baron and said in Italian:

"I wish it understood, if I may be allowed to take my own pleasure, that while the young ladies remain at Rome, they shall be entertained as never before in their lives."

The baron bowed graciously and begged in turn to be allowed to do his part in extending courtesies to the charming Americans, to which His Highness politely assented.

The fascinations of Rome, all will admit, are its possession of vast antiquities, as well as its sacred history and inherited literature. "The

taking of Constantinople in 1453 sent a number of Greek scholars into Western Europe and especially into Italy. For the first time for centuries the wonderful literature and astonishing history of Greece were made known to Western lands. It was like the discovery of a new world." Later on, while Savonarola was preaching, the new era had come which we call the Renaissance. During that interim printing had been invented, which largely contributed to the change in modern history. The Renaissance subsequently came as a new birth, transforming the Christian world by its wide range of freedom of thought.

Upon arriving in Rome, the centre of interest is naturally the noblest temple in the world—St. Peter's, with the papal palace of the Vatican, full of treasures of ancient art. Carriages were ordered by Mr. Perkins for the party to carry out the program for the first day of sight-seeing, but the baron and Prince Giovanni anticipated the occasion by appearing in a superb landau with liveried coachman and footman. This was indeed a decisive moment for Miss Virginia, as Evelyn and Beatrice were selected to drive with the German baron and His Royal Highness who, however, graciously greeted Miss Swift, regretting exceedingly that the conveyance was inadequate to the size of

the party. This arrangement was not intended for a snub, being manifestly unavoidable, as Beatrice was a special friend of the lovely Evelyn and a niece of Lady Percival, whom both men had known in London.

Prince Giovanni, being a Roman Catholic, willingly took the initiative, and with a feeling of pride led the way, evidently quite in his element, describing and explaining the history and value of countless treasures. The Vatican library greatly impressed Evelyn with its many hidden treasures; among these were two thousand, four hundred manuscripts of great value, some of them being the earliest copies of the Gospels. There are also as many as fifty thousand rare volumes which are not often perused. Yet the archives of the Vatican library have been consulted by many famous scholars, and also by the late pope, Leo XIII, whose high literary taste has won for him the title of "Sacred Poet."

Evelyn and Beatrice soon realized that they were viewing these wondrous art treasures under most favorable auspices, as the prince and baron appeared to be "friends at Court," being allowed to enter the most sacred precincts which were only visible to the public on stated occasions, when the Pope held High Mass. The porphyry and malachite, with

elaborate frescoes were gorgeous in the extreme, many being gifts from Royalty to various popes from one generation to another. The Sistine Chapel was duly visited; this is well known to have been built by Pope Sixtus in 1473. The chief attraction of this chapel is its famous masterpiece—the fresco of the "Last Judgment" by Michael Angelo, opposite the entrance at the extreme end of the chapel. It is a matter of history that this wonderful painting was completed after the labor of many years in 1541.

Fifty years ago few Americans travelled abroad; at the present day the exceptions are those who remain at home. Formerly the expense of travelling was much greater than in the twentieth century. The old time steamers were wholly inferior to our splendid model ones, and the danger of crossing the ocean deterred many from making (as it was generally considered) the "perilous attempt." Now the expense is within the means of all classes, and the fast modern steamers make the distance seem comparatively slight across the vast expanse of sea to the revelations of the Old World. Thus it would seem needless to describe in detail the immense number of art treasures, the relics and ruins of ancient Rome. At this stage of the narrative, Prince Giovanni

flattered himself that he was gaining the ascendancy, as the disconsolate baron, apparently changed his course of action by politely devoting himself to little Miss Beatrice, kindly explaining to her many essential subjects in regard to the marvelous works of art.

The day following, Evelyn was taken a drive with the courteous prince through one of the most interesting and historic thoroughfares—the Appian Way. This great military highway was constructed two hundred and twelve years before Christ, and was once the fashionable burial place of Rome. During the drive on Via Appia may be seen the tomb and beautiful monument erected to the memory of Cecilia Metella. Many of the tombs are very large and were built at great cost, but few are visible at the present day. "From here, on this same Appian Way, St. Paul first beheld the Eternal City, when he came to preach the true faith, that it might spread and radiate, at it has, from the centre of Christendom."

Evelyn was very much impressed by this unique drive, the only unpleasant feature of which was the number of afflicted beggars who beset the carriage at the risk of their feeble lives, being crippled and maimed too horribly to describe. She was much affected

by their distressed, pinched faces, and threw coins continually to the poor wretches, while His Highness smilingly informed her that they were only "professional characters, who lived by begging." He called her a "very charming Lady Bountiful," inwardly admiring her tenderness of heart, although he still considered the beggars "bores" and "plagues," who ought to be transported he cared not where.

They drove out of the Appian Way and came to a noted monument consecrated to the memory of some saint, when he exclaimed:

"This is a great favorite of mine. I think seriously of ordering just such another as a memorial."

Evelyn secretly wondered if he had ever been married, and looked at him enquiringly, when he continued:

"In memory of my sainted mother."

After admiring the subject and artistic workmanship she replied:

"Pardon my not coinciding with you on the subject of memorials. It seems to me we have passed subjects this afternoon that would please your spiritual mother much more if you considered them in preference to this exquisite cold marble."

The prince thought she alluded to some specially valuable memorial and enquired:

"To what do you allude, Miss Sheridan?"

After a brief silence Evelyn continued:

"When I beheld those poor, wretched human beings asking for bread, it at once occurred to me that, in aiding them, it would be a *living* memorial. If some one would supply twenty-five starving families with even two loaves of bread a day to each family, how little the expense would be felt at the end of the year; and what a progressive memorial it would become, strengthening and increasing health and happiness beyond words to express!" After a pause she continued: "There is no limit to a good action; it is like the sound of an echo which seems to fade faintly away, but sails on indefinitely, we know not where."

Prince Giovanni drove his splendid steeds under the shadow of a graceful birch, its branches overhanging a high stone wall, much like the bulwarks of a huge fortress. He was greatly impressed with the originality of the suggestion, and while resting the horses he changed his position and looked her full in the face, saying:

"I never thought of such a memorial; perhaps, as you say, my mother now would not care so much for an elaborate monument, as for a memorial that would give perpetual relief to those who suffer."

As a matter of fact the prince was touched by a sense of the truth of her assertion, but he also wished to conciliate her and not hastily to disagree, until he had fully decided if she were in the right. Evelyn became radiant with unfeigned pleasure that he should so soon, apparently, fall in with her views. She explained that such an example would no doubt stimulate others to do the same thing, and before long much suffering would be alleviated.

Prince Giovanni suddenly felt like one who had experienced an electric shock, realizing that he had fallen desperately in love with the beautiful American, and at that moment any suggestion of hers would have appeared to him a fitting memorial. Then, as if to make sure that he was not the victim of a dream, he sprang from the carriage and, grasping the bridle of the horses, snatched an immense spray of eglantine which clung invitingly over the stone wall directly at the feet of the horses; then, resuming his position, placed the fragrant blossoms in the arms of his lovely paragon. After recovering himself and feeling assured that he was quite awake and still in his normal condition, he ventured to resume the subject with evident enthusiasm, saying:

"I will at once consult with my Direttore upon the subject, and have twenty-five families

selected to receive the stipulated offering that you have suggested, the cost of which will be the interest of a perpetual fund, supplying daily the desired amount of bread to twenty-five destitute families in the city of Rome. This shall be a memorial to my mother. It should be called, however, the "Angelic Relief Fund!"

With evident delight, her lovely eyes glistening with gratitude, Evelyn unfortunately found herself unable to speak, but quite naturally held out her hand to Prince Giovanni, while he captured the proffered treasure quite as though it belonged to him to keep, being tempted to say that he hoped some day to be "the fortunate possessor of a hand so lovely." His impressive manner indicated that, to him, there was already none dearer or lovelier.

The afternoon shadows had perceptibly lengthened and the roseate hues of the dying sun were blazing in the horizon; meantime, the restlessness of the horses suggested the advisability of turning their steps in the direction of home. The prince and Evelyn were silent, while he felt much more in earnest in consequence of their serious conversation than if they had simply enjoyed a little every-day flirtation, which often fascinates, but unhappily precludes the careful deliberation and wise consideration which are so much more to be

desired than a hasty decision. Evelyn instinctively became aware of the admiration of the noble Prince Giovanni, and felt a girlish pleasure in being honored by his august appreciation, and yet she regretted the thought, as there were others whom she preferred to a foreigner and comparative stranger.

In due time they silently reached their destination; at this point, although the devotion of the prince had become unmistakeably apparent, he maintained a quiet attitude with profound courtesy.

That evening a box of violets and superb roses was sent to Miss Sheridan, with Prince Giovanni's card, upon which was written "*Votre ami dévoué.*" Evelyn retired early to her apartment to think alone—how happy and grateful she felt, with a vision of the anticipated "Relief Fund."

Meantime, Baron von Steinitz was ready to declare that he had been made a dupe of, being literally dropped to give place to his friend the prince, and he emphatically stated that he had a prior claim to the society of Miss Evelyn. The baron's unfortunate temper unpleasantly asserted itself more than once in the presence of the nonchalant prince, whom he considered a "base usurper," excluding him from the agreeable society of the lovely American.

XV.

The Prince Assents to the Suggestion for the Relief Fund.

"Better not to be at all than not be noble."

A thoroughly disinterested girl friend is a rare thing in society. One might possess a dozen excellent traits; but when there comes an unselfish desire to retire for the sake of advancing another, it is quite unusual and most exceptional in the average woman. Beatrice Bernard then, would be called an exception to the rule in this respect, as she fully realized that the baron felt grievously wronged by his recent exclusion from Evelyn's society; in fact it troubled her exceedingly, as she feared that constant rivalry between the foreigners might terminate at the point of the blade.

Each day many cathedrals and splendid temples were visited; also the Colosseum, the Catacombs and Mamertine Prison where

the supposed impression of St. Peter's face is shown on the ossified, muddy clay wall. This would seem as though even the work of ages cannot always obliterate material impressions, especially when they correspond with acknowledged facts handed down to us from generation to generation.

At this point, there being no other visible resource for the irritable baron, he reluctantly sought the society of the susceptible Virginia Swift, merely for the sake of gaining information in regard to the beautiful Miss Evelyn; while Virginia, suspecting the real cause of his nervousness, pertly enquired if he had noticed the extreme devotion of Prince Giovanni to Miss Sheridan; to which he replied curtly: "No, Mademoiselle, I have not had time to watch his sly Highness."

"Indeed," returned Virginia, "he is fairly rude to people! Miss Sheridan evidently quite approves of him for they are arranging something together—*regardez cela*, and now," she continued, "you can see for yourself."

The complacent prince and Evelyn were seated before a table in the rotunda or reading-room of the Anglo-American, looking over some papers which had just been received and which were connected with the "Relief Fund." Evelyn appeared intensely interested and the

prince seemed also quite in his element. Baron von Steinitz found himself unable to bear this mysterious tête-à-tête, and with difficulty restrained his anger. At this decisive moment Virginia, seeing that the baron's temper was aroused, mildly continued:

"It would be a good thing for the girl if he married her, as she is extremely poor, I hear. Perhaps he is now conferring some settlement of property: no doubt she will have to earn her living by writing. It must be hard to be forced to work for one's self. I could do anything for another, but to be obliged to earn my own living—I would prefer to die! Thank fortune," she continued, "that my sister and I are independent of everyone, and will never be forced to marry for money, like many of our unfortunate country-women."

This thrust seemed to take effect, as the baron had a horror of being duped for the sake of his possessions. He looked at Virginia's distinguished figure and for the first time thought her really fine looking. She was becomingly and elegantly attired, and her pretty hands adorned with superb jewels. "What a revelation," he reflected, "that the beautiful American should actually earn her own living in worrying over her publications." In the mean time he thought "no doubt she had been

instructed at home to look out for a rich husband abroad." How much harm might have resulted from these wicked innuendos if the baron had been really a worthy suitor! He cooled down a little, thinking that possibly Miss Sheridan might also have poor relations in America who would depend upon her for support. He had once married, and did not wish to make a second mistake. Virginia reclined contentedly in a luxurious arm-chair and smilingly gazed at her electrified companion, saying artfully to His Lordship: "How surprised you seem! I thought that everyone knew about Miss Sheridan." The crest-fallen baron had previously conjured up visions of the beautiful Miss Sheridan becoming the Baroness von Steinitz, but now the object of his dreams seemed to fade from sight, while she became suddenly transformed into a poverty-stricken Cinderella.

Virginia, in the meantime, endeavored to console herself with the thought that she had conscientiously performed her duty; seeing that the foreigners were becoming extremely antagonistic, and knowing also that Evelyn eventually could not marry both of these men, she adroitly managed to secure one for herself. With the poise of a swan, her graceful neck slowly craned, revealing the beauty of a snow-

white throat, she glanced almost tenderly at the baron, maintaining also a superior, high-bred bearing. She appeared a very princess, being robed in a charming gown which fitted exquisitely her well rounded figure. After a brief silence, during which the deluded baron gazed at her with evident admiration, she suddenly placed her delicate hand lightly upon his shoulder most confidingly and said:

"I fear you are offended, Monsieur le Baron; I should have remembered that you also are one of Miss Sheridan's suitors."

"Not so! not so!" he replied, "I shall in no way interfere with my friend Prince Giovanni Pico."

At this remark Virginia smiled resignedly, being consoled with the reflection that she had at least prevented—who knows—possibly a serious affair between the noble prince and his friend the baron.

XVI.

The Baron Becomes Strangely Hypnotized.

"What do we live for if not to make life less difficult for others? "

Shortly after Virginia's conversation with the baron, the papers for the "Relief Fund" having been examined and considered satisfactory, Prince Giovanni summoned his valet, who appeared at the entrance and announced that the horses had arrived for a drive to the office of the *Presidente della Congregazione di Carità.* His Highness seemed in the highest spirits, feeling in a glorious mood with himself and the world in general, but with no one in particular save the beautiful American. Being, however, a little absent-minded, he nearly ran over the baron who stood in the hall, directly in front of the scheming Virginia, whose scarlet face was fortunately hidden from view. The prince cordially grasped the baron by the hand, saying:

"Well, well, I did not dream you were here." Seeing Virginia he continued with profound courtesy: "This is also a pleasant surprise. We are on our way to order a memorial in which Miss Sheridan is much interested."

Virginia gasped an inaudible response about "waiting for some one or something." Meanwhile the deceived baron seemed much astonished at the turn of affairs, as the radiant Evelyn did not seem at all likely to change into a Cinderella, and it became quite evident that His Highness had not made over any special property to the before-mentioned young lady.

Prince Giovanni Pico and Baron von Steinitz had been friends from boyhood; indeed, their families were nearly related. They had been educated by the same instructors and tutors when boys, and later in life met often in society. The prince had never thought seriously of marriage, and was far from being of a susceptible nature, like the baron. He possessed a much stronger, finer character, weighing, and carefully considering matters before venturing to commit himself in the slightest degree. Under the existing circumstances the baron recognized the fact that he never could stand a chance in the presence of his handsome and accomplished friend Prince Giovanni, in whom already the lovely American seemed to have become deeply interested.

Although Virginia's motive in disparaging Evelyn could not have been an exalted one, still it is never really possible to injure any noble character, for all things inevitably work together for its ultimate well-being. If Baron von Steinitz had not been weak enough to become prejudiced, possessing an unusually fiery temperament, he would have resented the devotion of Prince Giovanni and serious trouble might have ensued. It was quite evident, however, that the baron had found his level in the society of Virginia Swift, whose apparent equanimity and supreme satisfaction at being the recipient of even his minute attentions became intensely flattering to his colossal egotism. Suddenly remembering that he had determined to share the courtesies of entertaining the ladies, he at once turned to his susceptible companion and enquired if a drive would be agreeable. To which the diplomatic Virginia, with becoming smiles, yet not with undue haste, finally acquiesced.

Meanwhile, during these courtesies bestowed by the prince and baron, Mrs. Maitland and Mr. Perkins were assiduous in their attentions to the Bernards and the elder Miss Swift. Carriages were in readiness every day for sightseeing, and soon the hour of departure drew near. The numerous relics and curious

antiques of Rome had proved so alluring to Arnold Bernard and his sister that they had been obliged to purchase large boxes, divided into compartments, to contain their extensive collection of art treasures. Prince Giovanni and the beautiful American were in the happiest of moods on their return from the office of the *Presidente della Congregazione di Caritâ.* Evelyn had also been presented to the Consul-General, who seemed greatly pleased with her charming personality, and much impressed by her original suggestion in regard to Prince Giovanni's memorial. "The happiest of moods" might indicate that these young people were in exactly the same frame of mind,—their happiness being identical, actuated by the same motive,—but it proved quite the reverse. Evelyn was overjoyed in thinking of the benefit to be derived from the "Relief Fund," while Prince Giovanni now actually recognized the utility of the fund and thought nothing of the expense, and he found himself supremely happy in contributing to Evelyn's serenity. The horses, likewise, seemed in the "happiest of moods" as they careered over the roads with no apparent desire to return to their haven of rest. The prince directed their steps toward the quiet outskirts of the city, to avoid the turmoil and

constant clatter upon the pavements which one hears from morning till night. Soon they reached a beautiful, sequestered road with dilapidated stone walls, partially covered with the most exquisite vines and drooping blossoms, redolent with delicious perfume. The atmosphere and enchanting scene were most seductive to the susceptibility of the young prince, and Evelyn, fearing this, almost abruptly enquired if he were fond of literature, and what style he preferred; to which he replied that he had recently become interested in Protestant works, especially in a book by Luther, in which he remembered his having said:—

"The heart of a human being is like the stones in a mill; put corn in, and the stones, going round, and round grind it out; but if no corn is there, the stones, still going round and round, will grind themselves away."

"Strange simile," he remarked; "what do you understand by it, Miss Evelyn?"

This was the first time that Prince Giovanni had dared to make use of her Christian name; she replied smilingly:

"If a man is of no use in the world, he will simply rust out and wear himself away with no good result, like the stones that Luther speaks of, that grind themselves away."

"This is what I surmised," he said, "and now, through your sweet influence, I shall hope to be of some use in the world, and not grind out an aimless existence—according to the interpretation of Luther."

After a brief silence he enquired if it were true that she had recently published a novel? Here was an opportunity to admit the truth to an appreciative friend. Seeing her slight embarrassment, the prince most courteously, and in a gentle tone, continued:

"Pardon my thus craving your confidence; if I have overstepped the bounds of friendship, pray forget that I have alluded to the subject."

Whereupon Evelyn, with ingenuous loveliness raised her grateful eyes, full of dignity of purpose, and said:

"When I think of the generosity of your Highness in acceding to my proposition for the forming of the "Relief Fund," it is quite right that I should reply to your kind interest in regard to my recent works, which have become the better part of my daily life."

The prince remained silent, but with evident interest listened attentively, while she continued:

"My first work was partly written at home, entitled 'The Untrodden Pilgrimage.' From day to day during my visit abroad I have also

written a 'Journal' which has been compiled into a 'Book of Travels.' Recently I have collected all of my various poems and arranged them appropriately for a miscellaneous book entitled 'Nugamenta,' (Little Nothings). You may be surprised to hear that through the influence of Dr. Brooke, who is now in England, 'The Untrodden Pilgrimage' has recently been accepted by one of the leading publishing houses in London. I received a letter to-day from Dr. Brooke, who writes that there is quite a demand for the book, which he considers already an assured success. He also adds that, as the writer of the book remains unknown, there is much curiosity as to the identity of the 'American lady' who has been announced as the author."

Prince Giovanni drew forth his handkerchief and waved it high in the air, exclaiming, "*Mérite!* "*Vive l'Amérique!*"

Evelyn was greatly impressed with this evidence of the prince's loyalty, and taking a rosebud from her dainty belt presented it with becoming grace to His Highness. The panting steeds finally arrived at their destination, the drive not having proved a fatal one in any respect, as the crucial moment of the prince's decision had not yet turned the current of their dignified friendly relation.

How true it is that when one is not quite certain of anticipated happiness, a deferred knowledge of the crisis often encourages a forlorn hope, until Dame Fortune is finally crowned with success, or ultimately dethroned, as the case may be.

Baron von Steinitz considered himself a most fortunate man in having thus easily secured a Baroness number two in the majestic person of the wealthy Miss Swift. In consequence of her sister's desirable matrimonial prospects, Miss Triphina suddenly became exceedingly patronizing toward their former acquaintances, at once deciding that it was quite unbecoming for Virginia to continue rambling from place to place, especially as a castle on the Rhine would soon become her palatial residence. Mrs. Maitland was consulted, and speedily Virginia and her inflated sister bade an exultant farewell to the members of the party. The diplomatic sister, Triphina, immediately suggested to the baron the propriety of adopting the German custom of a betrothal ceremony, thinking it wise to secure and even bind His Lordship, in case of some unforeseen barrier arising to prevent the marriage; while he, being pleased with Virginia's adroit flatteries and luxurious gifts, so well adapted to his fastidious tastes, acquiesced

most willingly, admitting that it would be quite proper, being an accepted custom in Germany.

After the betrothal ceremony he proposed to present both ladies to the members of his ancient family. It now became quite evident that the baron did not realize that he was being strangely hypnotized by Virginia, aided by the adroit Triphina.

Mrs. Maitland and Mr. Perkins had previously arranged to meet several Americans at Rome, who were to make an extensive tour of the continent. Meantime Evelyn became naturally desirous of reaching London as soon as possible in regard to her recent publications. This also proved to be the ultimate destination of the Bernards, who were anticipating a visit to Lady Percival in Grosvenor Square. Thus it became expedient to bid farewell to the kindest of chaperons and her estimable and efficient guide, Mr. Harold Perkins.

The noble Prince Giovanni Pico, reluctantly, but with courteous propriety, allowed himself to be temporarily detached from the agreeable society of the only two ladies of the American party whom he actually admired, and for one of whom he felt a much stronger sentiment.

As the time of departure had arrived, Arnold Bernard gathered their effects together for a

long, continuous journey to the Mother Country.

When the train slowly steamed out of the station at Rome, Prince Giovanni stood on the platform attended by his valet, and raised his hat high above his head with almost reverential homage, especially for the one who had changed the course of his life, leading him apparently in safety "beside the still waters."

XVII.

Evelyn and the Bernards Visit Lady Percival in London

"Life is a succession of lessons which must be lived to be understood."

The journey to London was uneventful. Arnold Bernard and Beatrice were absorbed in reading and in meditating over their delightful trip; while Evelyn passed her waking moments in poetic reveries and in taking notes for future use.

Crossing the Channel is to many literally a dream in mild weather, if one sails just after dusk, arriving at Harwich in the early morning with nothing to mark the time but sheer fatigue and inevitable sleep in a contracted little state-room, with tiers of berths. A glum stewardess remains in the saloon near at hand and laconically replies to numberless questions until she, too, disappears at a late hour and reluctantly succumbs to the arms of Morpheus.

Dr. Brooke and the ever alert Percy Blakely were on the *qui vive* of expectancy at the terminal station at London, with a special conveyance for the ladies, so that they might avoid the inevitable bustle among shouting cabmen and persistent porters. The exclusive conveyance proved to be none other than Lady Percival's private equipage, with coachman and footman. Dr. Brooke being a special friend of the Percivals had explicit injunctions to present a missive to their niece, Miss Bernard, enclosing an invitation to the charming novelist to visit Lady Percival at Grosvenor Square. The note was at once submitted to Evelyn, who scarcely had a moment to consider, while the delighted Bernards and Dr. Brooke appeared to be already arranging the travelling wraps in Lady Percival's luxurious carriage.

The disconsolate Percy Blakely now heard for the first time, to his immense chagrin, that the wealthy Miss Virginia Swift had separated from the tourists, in view of the approaching nuptials. He had not received an intimation of her engagement to His Lordship, the baron, and lamented his fate that such "Swift" fortune should have been so suddenly and forever —apparently—wrenched from his grasp.

Let us leave Lady Percival, for the present, to initiate her young visitors into the routine of

fashionable London society. Suffice it to say that she was rejoiced to welcome her niece and nephew, and charmed with their attractive and fascinating friend, Miss Sheridan, the beautiful American authoress.

Meantime Virginia Swift and her sister Triphina also arrived in London, having left the baron to attend to important matters in Germany. They at once engaged a commodious mansion on Carlton House Terrace, lavishly furnished, deeming it expedient to secure a winter residence in view of the approaching eventful marriage. It did not take long for Miss Swift, the American heiress, and her devotee, the baron, to become an interesting topic of the smart set at the coaching meets and fashionable garden parties,—Virginia was the centre of attraction everywhere—the latest object of speculative gossip. She often keenly felt the secret shrug of aristocratic shoulders among the titled personages, and smiled at the thought that, before long, she too would become a titled lady—the enviable Baroness von Steinitz.

In visiting Europe she had resolved to make a deal in the matrimonial market for honors, and had successfully drawn a wealthy baron. She possessed herself of a well-appointed equipage, drawn by high-stepping horses,

and was envied by many a humble passer-by as being the wealthy heiress and future bride of the magnificent Baron von Steinitz. Weeks passed in her luxurious home, but no word came from the delinquent baron, although the following item had appeared in several of the leading newspapers in London and Paris:

"A marriage has been arranged and will shortly take place between Baron von Steinitz of Thurnberg Castle on the Rhine, and Virginia, daughter of the late Barrington Swift of New England, U. S. A."

In another column of the paper a flattering article appeared describing the heiress, Miss Swift, in her elegant toilettes, emblazoned with jewels. Soon it became rumored that the baron was missing—no trace of him could be obtained. None of his relatives had seen or heard of him for months. Virginia and Triphina had written repeatedly to the various banking houses in London and Paris and to the faithful old servants at Thurnberg, who announced the fact that he had passed several days at the Castle many weeks previous, at which time he appeared in a gloomy, abstracted state of mind, not wishing to be spoken to. His chief occupation during his visit at the Castle seemed to consist in destroying papers and documents, and later he was seen to dis-

appear from the grounds in the direction of the water, carrying a small hand portmanteau. Detectives were sent all over the Continent, but nothing could be learned of the once enviable and flourishing baron. It is needless to say that Virginia and Triphina were in a high state of excitement, interviewing all sorts of extraordinary personages vested with authority, including a special force of the Secret Service. *Gens d'armes* employed in Paris were notified to be on the alert to discover if foul play were the cause of the baron's sudden disappearance. The extent of his wealth being widely known, it had been suggested that he might have been murdered on his way from the Castle. The consternation at Carlton House Terrace was unbounded. Carriages lined the road continually with languishing occupants who, curiously enough, left sympathizing *cartes de visite*, occasionally substituting a nosegay to revive the drooping spirits of the unhappy heiress. No one dreamed it possible that His Lordship, the baron, could have dreaded his fate with such a rich prize as the attractive Miss Swift.

As the days passed on with no tidings whatever, popular opinion pointed at suicide, while the Swifts believed the baron to have been assassinated after he left the Castle. There

remained no sort of clue as to what became of His Lordship from the moment after he was seen wending his way from Thurnberg Castle in the direction of the water. The next step to take was to ascertain the possibility of finding a will. Had the baron made one? Or would his entire estate revert to his nearest relatives? Virginia reposed tranquilly with the reflection that, having passed through the ceremony of betrothal, without doubt the baron had anticipated the future for her benefit. To possess Thurnberg Castle, however, would have been sufficient to satisfy the dream of her life! She cared nothing for accumulating wealth, her own fortune being equal to all requirements. Finally it became probable that Baron von Steinitz would never appear again in mortal guise to render a personal account of himself, and satisfy the curiosity of the public.

Meantime, Dr. Wesley Brooke frequently visited the Percivals at Grosvenor Square. Sir Edwin thoroughly appreciated the society of Wesley, while Lady Percival became as devotedly attached to Evelyn Sheridan. Thus it did not take long for the Percivals to realize that, to Dr. Brooke, Evelyn was the "Ideal Woman," he seeming already bound up in all that she loved and all that she hoped to attain in her life work.

There were teas and routs at magnificent gardens and stately mansions, given for the niece, Miss Bernard, and her charming friend, the "American authoress." Many of the literati, including distinguished men of art and science, were present, who congratulated Miss Sheridan on the success of her recent publications. Much credit, however, was due to Dr. Brooke's efforts on her behalf. During the time that Evelyn was travelling on the continent, Brooke was alone instrumental in securing acceptance for "Untrodden Pilgrimage." The volume, however, spoke for itself. It is well known that a novice in the art of novel writing vainly endeavors to bring out a meritorious work, simply from a lack of knowledge as to the proper course to adopt. There are some persons who seem from the very start to be born into this world for luck; and yet it is universally admitted that a strong effort becomes imperative, and a cautious venture quite essential in cases where there is nothing to resort to for a livelihood at the very outset in life. It is something like feeling one's way in the dark, in order to make a safe exit. In this way it should be remembered that Evelyn Sheridan had left her ancestral home with little or nothing to depend upon for the future but the resources to be gained from

her inward spiritual and intellectual nature; these resources are often termed "gifts." Be it so, or not, she believed it quite possible for any woman with an ordinary practical education, to so cultivate her higher nature that she might become empowered with discerning insight into a diviner knowledge than could be attained by any amount of superficial learning.

XVIII.

The Musicale at Lady Percival's in Grosvenor Square

"Love me, and tell me so sometimes."

In due course of time tidings came from Thurnberg Castle that a clue to the unfortunate baron's fate had been discovered. Articles had been found near the banks of the Rhine which had undoubtedly fallen from the portmanteau seen in his possession; and among the articles were scattered leaves of "The Untrodden Pilgrimage." This proved conclusively that they were treasured to the last degree. With no other proof than this it seemed sufficient to lead to the conclusion that he had either slipped from the precipice into the water, or had voluntarily sought this final exit from his approaching marriage. A distant member of the ancient house of Von Steinitz was immediately authorized to visit Thurnberg Castle. He was met by the baron's

Intendant, who at once took possession of valuable papers that were consigned to his keeping as executor. After a close examination of the various documents a sealed package was finally disclosed in a secret repository of His Lordship's private escritoire, which proved to be his last will and testament.

Let us return to Grosvenor Square where Lady Percival's dinners and delightful receptions were considered to be "quite the order of the day"—to quote the words of one of the privileged guests, the portly Sir John Dupler, who jocosely concluded this remark by explaining that while these dinners were "quite in order", after partaking of the bountiful feasts offered, he felt very much "out of order." There were present at these functions many famous diplomats and literati of London, also a few representatives of nobility, including the Duke and Duchess of Merriweather, besides distinguished relatives of Sir Edwin Percival.

In the meantime Prince Giovanni Pico arrived upon the scene and became extremely courteous to the Americans. The final entertainment given by Lady Percival was a select musicale, expressly intended for the exclusive performance of her amateur friends, and for the special edification and diversion of a few privileged guests. After several charming

renditions from well-known amateurs, Lady Percival was seen to glide gracefully across the spacious salon in the direction of Evelyn Sheridan, who was engaged in an animated conversation with Prince Giovanni Pico, while Dr. Brooke stood at a respectful distance, apparently in a most abstracted mood. Soon, however, the gracious prince and Dr. Brooke were impelled by the exigency of the moment to join the eloquent and persuasive Lady Percival in securing Evelyn's lovely voice to contribute to the delightful program. Here at this crucial moment, stood His Highness, the prince, and her loyal friend, Dr. Wesley Brooke, side by side, awaiting her pleasure to be escorted to the magnificent instrument. It being apparent, however, that only one escort was required, with becoming courtesy she allowed herself to be guided by her ever faithful devotee, Dr. Brooke.

Evelyn soon realized the fact that her position was a trying and possibly difficult one, the audience being distinctly musical, including many well-known amateurs. The critical moment had arrived, and all eyes were riveted on her charming personality as she sat before the Steinway. Slowly and clearly her voice swelled to Gounod's beautiful "Ave Maria," so universally admired and sung for years. It

was indeed a gem, and called forth much praise and considerate applause. As this did not, however, seem to be sufficient to satisfy her appreciative audience, she was urged to sing again—something—anything that she herself preferred. A simple thing well executed is often refreshing to the most classical ear; and clearly, with resonance of voice, she sang the charming poem of Bourdillon:

"The night has a thousand eyes
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done."

Then, to the surprise of those who knew that the fascinating poem had terminated, she continued singing her own added stanza:

The angels have a thousand eyes
And God but one;
Yet the Divine light never dies
When life is done.

At the close of this charming song Evelyn's eyes seemed to possess a translucent, glorified expression. They appeared almost transparent, with a divine insight, that radiated from her very soul. The audience was both

charmed and electrified by her novel termination of the poem, as well as by the purity of her exquisite voice. There are "songs without words" that are much in vogue, but a song with such words leaves an indelible impression. Prince Giovanni applauded with genuine foreign enthusiasm, while Wesley Brooke remained silently entranced. Evelyn at once aroused Dr. Brooke from his reverie by making some trivial remark, to which he quietly replied and then congratulated her upon a most "successful début."

It became manifestly natural that Wesley's manner should have seemed abstracted and preoccupied upon this last evening in London. He had previously consulted Evelyn in regard to the erection of the proposed hospital at Newton, which necessitated his immediate return to America in order to superintend the arrangements of work. After the last guest had departed from Lady Percival's musicale, Dr. Brooke, as a privileged friend, remained for parting words and a final farewell.

Evelyn and Wesley stood alone in the great entrance hall—two powerful forces, the one abounding in strength of purpose, and the other with wealth to carry out almost any desirable project. The silence invited him to speak, and yet he dared not touch upon dan-

gerous ground. To lose her friendship would have been fatal to his very life. All at once he adopted a forced gaiety of manner, expressing himself with evident delight in referring to her unusual success in the recent demand for a second edition of "The Untrodden Pilgrimage;" "Nugamenta" also having met with a large sale, and the "Book of Travels" being still in constant demand. As Evelyn remained for a moment silently pleased, Wesley enquired rather constrainedly:

"Will these publications detain you much longer in London?" To which she quickly replied:

"I trust not, as I am now greatly interested in our splendid project in America. What a boon it will be to the little town of Newton, and the surrounding country! I know, Dr. Brooke, that the work will become a blessing; and that you will derive immense satisfaction in erecting such a splendid monument to posterity; I wish," she continued, "that it might be named the 'Wesley Hospital.'"

At this remark he faintly smiled and looking away abstractedly replied:

"I have already written to the best architects, suggesting an appropriate site for the building, the location you preferred to all others. We find that the land can be easily

obtained, and now they are awaiting my return in order to make a few preparatory arrangements before the work is fairly commenced. If you do not object, I should prefer to name the hospital 'The Evelyn.'"

To this remark she laughingly replied:

"We will not argue that point at this early stage. Let us first build the hospital!"

The hour was late, and they stood at the open door. Wesley endeavored to maintain his usual spirits until the very last moment, and fearing that he might soon break down, finally exclaimed impulsively:

"It is late and we must part. I fear that I have wearied you. Write to me, Evelyn!"

And holding both of her hands for a moment he dared to kiss one, then disappeared in the darkness.

XIX.

Dr. Brooke Returns to America to Build the Hospital at Newton

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"He that is mighty hath done to me great things."

Immediately after the departure of Dr. Brooke to America it was rumored that Miss Sheridan, the author, was without doubt betrothed to the distinguished and wealthy physician. Even Prince Giovanni Pico became sadly convinced of her preference for the fortunate American, which to a certain extent was quite true.

Meantime Evelyn took every opportunity to advance her lovely and modest friend Beatrice, wishing that her womanly traits might be fully appreciated, and that her quiet loveliness might not fail of its proper estimation in the eyes of the noble Prince Giovanni. Lady Percival greatly admired the prince, and,

seeing that Evelyn constantly avoided his persistent devotion, decided to convince His Highness that quite possibly Miss Sheridan was already betrothed to an American gentleman. Nothing daunted, however, the prince determined to ascertain for himself, and after a private interview with the young lady he cooled down considerably and evidently appreciated Lady Percival's kind warning.

Prince Giovanni was a fine character; he did not hesitate to assure Evelyn that she had made him a better man through her wise and beautiful counsel, including the unique suggestion of the "Relief Fund," as a fitting memorial to his revered mother. He also consoled himself with the happy reflection that, had she known him before becoming engaged to the favored American, whoever he might be, no doubt a Giovanni Pico would have gained the ascendancy. Realizing, however, that Miss Sheridan's decision was final, he suddenly endeavored to appear indifferent as to the result of their final interview. The kind-hearted Lady Percival, perceiving his deep chagrin and evident disappointment, arranged a coaching party and drive to meet at her beautiful country seat, although early in the season—stipulating with the prince to remain as her guest. His first impulse was to decline

the invitation, but pride finally decided him to acquiesce. Meantime Lady Percival and her niece, the lovely Beatrice, were more than ever gracious to His Highness, and Evelyn also maintained her usual friendly manner, wishing to convince the young prince that Beatrice Bernard was quite as worthy of consideration as herself. The courtly prince, being fond of Lady Percival, out of sheer courtesy devoted himself to "Miss Beatrice," merely, as he thought, for pastime; soon, however, he began to appreciate and fully realize why Evelyn had secretly enjoyed her society, and before many days the modest, retiring niece of Lady Percival obviously found favor in the eyes of Prince Giovanni Pico.

Several months had glided by and April's tears and sunny smiles were gladly welcomed once more, as King Winter reluctantly freed himself from his icy chain. Meantime the atmosphere had visibly changed at Carlton House Terrace. Sunshine no longer reigned supreme. Nothing but gloom seemed to prevail from turrets to basement. The forlorn inmates were aimlessly moving from one apartment to another, declining to be interviewed by inquisitive visitors upon a subject which was not only a mystery, but galling in the extreme. The baron's few remaining rela-

tives had quite ignored the Swifts, and, stranger still, no word or expression of sympathy had been received from them at Carlton House Terrace. The executors adhered strictly to the terms of the baron's will, and as Virginia had not been mentioned in any manner whatever, of course the prospect of possessing Thurnberg Castle soon faded into a vision of the past.

The spacious mansion of Lady Percival appeared quite the reverse from the Swift residence. Here the atmosphere was permeated with quite a different element. The engagement of Lady Percival's lovely American niece, Beatrice Bernard, to Prince Giovanni Pico had already been announced, and the young people had never been more joyous and happy. In the midst of the festivities, much to the surprise of Evelyn and the entire household, a mysterious document was received, addressed to her. It came from the executors of Baron von Steinitz, announcing the fact that the said baron had bequeathed the sum of ten thousand pounds to Miss Evelyn Sheridan, to be devoted to whatever purpose she might elect.

There was no longer any mystery as to the cause of the baron's death, it being now evident that he had realized his weakness in at first

allowing himself to be prejudiced in regard to the character of the beautiful American. When too late he had discovered his mistake, and this, added to the prospect of allying himself with the one who had been the means of separating him from his ideal, was quite too much for his passionate nature. While on a visit at Thurnberg Castle in a very depressed state he had sent for Evelyn's book, "The Untrodden Pilgrimage." Such a production would ordinarily have been the means of uplifting almost any afflicted soul, and in the baron's case it no doubt had this effect for a time; but his rash act proved conclusively that her writings had given him an insight into her true character. This sudden revelation had made an indelible impression; while the sense of his loss, coupled with the thought that Virginia, his future bride, had undoubtedly deceived him in order to lure him on for the sake of her own selfish ambition, proved too much for him to endure.

After a brief interval, however, Carlton House Terrace took on a gayer aspect. Virginia, with deep chagrin and evident disappointment, immediately began a series of fashionable musicales, while the aesthetic Percy Blakely—who, by the way, adopted a strikingly ultra mode of dress--subsequently became a most conspicuous figure at all of the

entertainments given in polite society. Indeed he appeared continually as Virginia's devotee, and finally it became rumored that, without doubt they were secretly betrothed. This at first was not true; but Virginia, hearing the rumor, soon decided that she might do worse than to marry a society fop with no special foible or incumbrance to make him objectionable. The susceptible and aesthetic Percy manifestly admired her stately bearing and the artistic taste, which to him was nothing short of the highest art, in all her surroundings and in every detail of her exquisite gowns. It pleased Virginia like a child, to have even a solitary audience, ever ready to praise her gewgaws, while he apparently possessed many of the essentials so desirable in a devotee. The pliable Percy soon found himself actually enamoured of her ladyship, and considered himself fortunate that the "Swift" fortune was thus happily included. They were well matched, these two, she possessing the wherewithal to carry on a luxurious establishment, without which their lives would have been sadly incongruous, neither possessing the requisites for a higher life.

Governor and Madam Bernard, the parents of Beatrice, considered it essential that her marriage with Prince Giovanni Pico should take place in America; ultimately they would

return to Italy or France, residing where they pleased. This being the case, Lady Percival decided to chaperon the young people to the fair "Land of the Free" on the first of May.

Evelyn had already realized a large amount from her publications. The sales now for "Nugamenta" and her "Travels" were progressing finely and her books were quite the rage all over the continent.

Great preparations for the approaching wedding were being made in America at the fine country seat of Governor Bernard in the State of New York. The select steamer party was ideal, and the passage proved delightful in all respects. Arnold Bernard attached himself to his aunt, not forgetting "dear Miss Evelyn," while Prince Giovanni became assiduously devoted to his lady-love, Beatrice, and still considered Evelyn and Lady Percival with distinguished courtesy. His previous acquaintance with Evelyn had placed her on a pedestal of reverence, much as if she were a sister of Beatrice; indeed she had adroitly shown him the beauty of Beatrice's sweet young nature, like the unfolding of a rosebud, redolent with the fragrance of Spring. What a loyal friend to possess; so utterly unselfish, ever ready to bring to light the hidden treasures in the depth of another's character!

XX.

Evelyn and the Bernards Return to America after the Hospital is Completed

"Cheerful giving is the very essence of benevolence."

On landing at New York Evelyn decided to leave her friends at once for her beloved home in the suburbs of Boston. Although finding it difficult to part with her dear Beatrice, she finally relinquished her society with complacence in view of the latter's approaching happy marriage to Prince Giovanni Pico.

The familiar figures of Governor Bernard and Dr. Brooke were soon discerned anxiously waiting to greet their friends, as the steamer approached the pier. Not the least conspicuous among the waiting crowd was the well rounded figure of a quaint looking woman who had been sent as a special messenger from Philadelphia to escort Evelyn to her ancestral home. This solitary person proved to be her faithful maid Rubie Slocum, who, during Evelyn's absence, had occupied the position of housekeeper at the new Rectory.

Rubie had recently been sent on several occasions to Fairfield to arrange the old familiar rooms, and the valuable art treasures which were all returned to their former resting places. Changes had been made resulting in a veritable reproduction of its former grandeur. Wesley Brooke had corresponded with Dr. Livingston regarding the preparations at Fairfield, and arranged to meet the faithful servant, Rubie, upon the arrival of the steamer, and here the eventful tour abroad came to its conclusion, as everything must; and much had been accomplished, indeed more than Evelyn had dared to anticipate. Her aspirations had proved well founded; she had gained increased strength from the great Stronghold that never swerves nor can be affected by any disturbing elements.

Carriages were ordered and Governor Bernard gladly took possession of his happy family. He warmly greeted his prospective son-in-law, who had sailed across the Atlantic to secure an American bride. Evelyn and Beatrice were absorbed in close conversation, anticipating an exchange of visits, and much happiness in the future. Trains were taken for their respective destinations, and Evelyn found herself once more travelling toward the beloved city of her ancestors.

A train was taken that afternoon for the ancient town of Newton, where at the familiar station Dr. Brooke secured a carriage for the beautiful drive to Fairfield. Steamer trunks and other luggage remained on the primitive platform to be sent for by the "Slocum Bros.' Express Co." Faithful Rubie, the sister of the proprietors of the company, appeared overjoyed, not only by the return of her mistress, but with some mysterious cause of glee. Evelyn noticed her peculiar expression and naturally surmised that she had heard of the new hospital which was already in sight on the outskirts of Newton.

"Here it is!" observed Dr. Brooke, who sat with the driver, as he directed her attention toward a splendid structure. "Our hospital and home for invalids. Shall we rest a moment by the way and get a better view of it without alighting?"

It must have been fairly startling that in six months' time such complete work had been accomplished. Evelyn did not speak, but with evident delight and grateful, glistening eyes, said:

"Don't think me childish, Dr. Brooke; but I have a most unfortunate way of being a little overcome when especially happy. How was it possible," she continued, "to erect this fine building in so short a time?"

Wesley seemed already rewarded for his trouble and anxiety in rushing the work before her arrival in May.

"Well," he replied, "it is all due to the indefatigable architect and his men. The interior will soon be completed, as an extra force has been secured, and they are now hammering away, as you see and hear."

At this moment he requested the coachman to drive to the rear of the building, where to her great surprise, there appeared a small but beautiful chapel nearly completed. She looked with astonishment at Dr. Brooke for explanation.

"I think," he said, "this will greatly please you; I remember that you once wished that there were a chapel near enough for the convalescents to be taken to daily service."

"Dr. Brooke," exclaimed Evelyn, "I feel like one in a dream. Now you know what I meant when I said it was a privilege to be rich. How good and generous you are to your fellow-beings; but first of all we must not forget that gratitude is due to the One for whom you are a trustee for all the manifold gifts that have been intrusted to you. This chapel will be a day-spring of joy to the weary invalids. How dear of you to remember my speaking of it!" And suddenly she saw, carved over the high entrance in the granite, "St. Luke—For Convalescents."

"Does this coincide with your views?" Before she could reply, the driver having been directed to move on, she suddenly discovered her own name cut in the massive granite over the hospital entrance, "The Evelyn."

"You are very, very good," she said meekly; "only—the last name should have been yours —'The Wesley.'"

The horses instinctively turned their steps from the noisy pavements, toward lovely Fairfield and her beloved home.

The month of May was again glorious. The meadows presented the usual vivid contrast, here and there bursting with fresh emerald tints amid the slumbering amber effects produced by the continual frosts of the previous winter. Evelyn noticed that once more the devoted maid assumed an expression of unfeigned wisdom and evident delight. She kindly enquired if Rubie were happy to return to the old home? to which she replied with glee:

"Never more so, dear Miss Evelyn, for I know you'll be greatly s'prised and rejoiced."

This remark seemed only natural and proper from the simple-hearted maid and devoted nurse of her childhood. Soon they approached the grand entrance and drove under the welcoming, swaying branches of the dignified

birches and ancient alders along the line of the carriage drive to the mansion. Dr. Brooke and Rubie both gazed at Evelyn's lovely face as she exclaimed on reaching her home:

"What does this mean? Who has done this? I must know!"

After Dr. Brooke helped her to alight she flew from the *porte cochère* up the steps to the grand old piazza. Such a transformation! The old pillars were highly polished with exquisite designs in elaborate panel-carving, minutely copied from the original relics. A model of Revolutionary fame had been thoroughly renovated and transformed into a luxurious and restful abiding place. The exterior appeared quite modern and very beautiful. They quickly entered the great front hall, and behold! instead of the dilapidated stair-case a gracefully artistic modern one presented itself. Yet every Copley remained in place, and nothing seemed to have been disturbed. A complete metamorphosis had been wrought in the reconstruction. Evelyn threw herself into a cushioned recess in the hall and said impulsively:

"Please let me know, Dr. Brooke, the truth at once. Has this work been yours?"

To which he replied pleasantly:

"I wish I could say yes, but I am not the fortunate donor of this happy surprise."

"Then, perhaps," she continued, "Rubie may know something about it."

At this moment Rubie appeared, coming from a distant room where she had been consulting with herself as to what she should say when questioned.

"Of course, Miss Evelyn, I do know," she exclaimed, "who had this work done, being sent often to look after things. Dr. Livingston told me not to speak of it until you came home, and even now I may be a-doing wrong to tell that he, hisself, did the whole blessed thing."

Then standing near enough for Evelyn alone to hear, she continued in an undertone:

"My Express Company brothers think he did it with the legacy left him by your cousin, Miss Anson Farrar; but I don't really know how that was meself. Anyhow," she went on to say, quite audibly, "it was a fine thing for him to do, and for my part I'm awful glad on it."

This final speech elicited much merriment from Dr. Brooke, while Evelyn seemed quietly amused, but regretted exceedingly that Lindsay Livingston should have considered it a duty to confer his own special legacy upon her in any manner whatever.

It had naturally never occurred to Dr.

Brooke to renovate the dilapidated old mansion, being entirely absorbed in the erection of the chapel and hospital; and knowing, as he did so well, that Evelyn was now in no need of financial aid, he did not think that there was any special necessity for immediately renovating the ancient homestead.

This, however, did not appear to her in the same light; Lindsay Livingston had not heard of her success, which had placed her in an unexpected position. As the shadows lengthened, the ebbing day soon became bathed in a flood of blazing fire, until the western glow was faintly discernible, and a final benediction proclaimed the night.

The familiar hanging lamps and candelabra were again made luminous, adding a charming brilliancy to the fine old mansion. Dr. Brooke would not remain that first evening, reminding Evelyn that rest was essential after the fatigue and excitement of the eventful day. That same evening Miss Phoebe Slocum and her brother Robert, the young artist, called to present a fine painting to Miss Evelyn, also to exhibit a copy of one of her Copley portraits, which the young artist had just completed. The work indicated a skillful touch and deserved much praise. Evelyn summoned Rubie at once to send word to the "Express

Company" brothers that the young people were invited to pass the night at the Sheridan Mansion, where they were assigned to cheerful quarters in the commodious ell. The following morning they were informed that Miss Evelyn wished to speak with them in the library, where she sat before her desk. With evident pleasure, she expressed a desire to send Phoebe and her brother Robert on a conducted tour abroad, that they might perfect themselves in literature and art. Such good fortune had never been dreamed of in the Slocum family. At this announcement Robert and his sister appeared actually startled, looking at each other as if to verify their own identity. In a moment, however, Rob arose with dignified bearing, and replied that words were inadequate to express their gratitude for such a rare privilege. He hoped, however, some day to show his appreciation by making a proper use of these splendid advantages, which never would have been theirs, but for her generous offer.

The precocious Phoebe, who possessed a refined taste for everything beautiful, like most girls of her age, was naturally very enthusiastic over the proposed tour, and expressed unfeigned delight that it had become possible for her fondest dreams to be actually realized.

The immense advantage of foreign travel to these young people quite settled the matter at once; it not being considered essential to consult their guardians, who were daily struggling in a new enterprise for the purpose of maintaining a large family at the farm, with no prospect of sending them abroad.

XXI.

Transformation of the Old Homestead

"There never was a person who did anything worth doing who did not receive more than he gave."

There were several tours to be conducted during the summer months, and Evelyn soon decided upon one of the most attractive itineraries, making the necessary arrangements and attending to all the minute details connected with the proposed trip.

Robert and Phoebe were the happiest of simple-hearted human beings as they departed from the Sheridan mansion on that memorable morning. They never quite remembered how they took leave, or how long they were in reaching home. It seemed as if wings had been provided to speed the joyous tidings to the farm.

The homely expression, "it never rains but it pours," seemed to be continually verified in

Evelyn's daily experiences. Shortly after her arrival home the news came of the recent death of old lady Farrar, who had sadly missed her devoted Evelyn, to whom, it was learned, she had bequeathed what little property she possessed, including valuable keepsakes; all of which quite astonished the Bleaker and Hugins nieces. They, however, under the present happy circumstances, being fairly connected with the now distinguished authoress thought it quite convenient and proper to drive in haste to Fairfield for a visit to "cousin Evelyn," having recently heard of the renovated mansion. They consequently appeared most gushing and considerate of Evelyn's welfare, expressing surprise, however, that Dr. Livingston should have taken it upon himself to remodel the old house without having been requested to do so; especially as he had been called to a larger field, and, since his recent bereavement in the loss of his mother, he "could hardly be expected to retain the same interest in New England." This speech of Miss Dorothea seemed quite plausible and somewhat difficult for Evelyn to parry, as the transformation had surprised her as much as it had the Huginses. Dorothea being a newsy, talkative young woman, ventured to continue lightly:

"They do say that Dr. Livingston told some one that he never should touch the legacy from aunt Harriet. How queer if he said it! I suppose he means to use it for the church, or in some high and lofty way, instead of on himself. Aunt Harriet never would have given it to him had she known that he would preside over that big church in Philadelphia. She thought him poor and worthy, with an invalid mother to support. What changes do come to people in a few years! How surprised aunt Harriet would be if she knew that you, dear cousin Evelyn, had become an authoress, all owing to your going abroad!"

"Yes," Evelyn replied quietly; "I am sorry that she did not think well of my proposed tour."

No one possessing good health and a right mind can breathe freely under the weight of a great obligation, especially if the gift is wholly unexpected and suddenly comes without any apparent cause. Evelyn had not yet received specific information from Dr. Livingston in regard to the remodelling of her ancestral home, only having heard from her faithful maid that through him the transformation had taken place. She at once felt it incumbent upon her to address him upon the subject, and yet, an inward something seemed

to prevent her continually from saying a word, until one day the maid brought her a missive addressed in Dr. Livingston's unmistakeable handwriting. The note ran as follows:—

"My dear Miss Sheridan:

"No doubt you were much surprised to find that your fine old home had undergone a transformation in your absence, and by this time it is quite proper that you should know who was empowered with authority to trespass upon your ground. Circumstances, however, over which I had no control, gave me the liberty to perform a duty and service which alone belonged to you.

"It is now my pleasure to tell you that the exact amount bequeathed to me by your relative, Mrs. Anson Farrar, has been transferred to you in the renovating and requisite comforts of your beloved home. Do not think that I have bestowed a favor, as it has been a keen pleasure to relinquish that upon which I shall always feel you had a prior claim.

Wishing you much happiness,

Faithfully yours,

LINDSAY LIVINGSTON."

The letter fell from Evelyn's hand; she knew not what to think,—it seemed so contrary to common, everyday usages in legal

settlements of property. It seemed too much for Evelyn to accept, as the generosity of the magnanimous donor could be seen at every turn, in the renovation and transformation of her beloved home. The happy thought came to her that now she had become independent through her publications. The books had placed her on a footing where she could easily repay Dr. Livingston for his splendid gift. She immediately replied to his letter in a most appreciative manner, saying also that her recent publications had met with most unexpected success in London, and adding that she could not accept under any circumstances whatever, the generous transfer of cousin Harriet's legacy, which was intended for his special benefit. Evelyn also mentioned the fact of her wishing very much to see him in person, as the matter could then be arranged satisfactorily.

An extra force of men had been employed to work day and night in order to complete "The Evelyn", and it was now in readiness to receive patients. The wards were rapidly taken and filled with invalids from all the various walks of life. The hospital much resembled a fine institution in London, founded in 1740, and which Dr. Brooke had often admired. His Royal Highness, the Duke of

Cambridge, became the President during the reign of Queen Victoria. The "Alexander" wing was built in 1866 and another had been added, and opened by the Queen in 1876. This faced on Whitechapel Road, and was enormous in extent.

"The Evelyn" was started under most favorable auspices. A competent matron was secured with a dozen or more nurses. Dr. Brooke, the consulting physician, selected a few of the most skillful surgeons and physicians with a staff of assiduous students and dressers. Four separate rooms constituted a ward, and each ward contained fifty beds. Wesley did nothing by halves; he put his heart and whole life into the work, at first for the sake of the one who had suggested it, and then, as the interest increased, he began to love the work for its own sake. He soon realized his own expansion, and the helpful influence which the work gave him over weak humanity. He thought much of the blessed words: "Come, unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and and I will give you rest."

The beautiful month of June brought sunshine to the vigorous without and to the weary within the hospital, where there were many serious cases in which Dr. Brooke became absorbed. As the warm season often accel-

erates disease, it became necessary for Wesley to devote himself exclusively to certain critical patients. In the meantime, Evelyn received a note from Dr. Livingston in reply to a request that he would open the chapel with service the following week, saying that he would arrive in a few days at the Newton Inn, this being the only available public house.

XXII.

An Unexpected Visitor

"God likes an earnest soul—
Too earnest to be eager.
Soon or late it leaves the spent horde breathless by the way,
And stands serene, triumphant, at the goal."

While Evelyn was revelling in her charming garden of heliotrope and pansies, gathering these and lovely June roses for the hospital patients, a clatter of horses' feet was faintly heard over the highway, causing her pulse to quicken, as it suddenly became apparent that at last her faithful friend, Lindsay Livingston had arrived to behold the result of his munificence. Woman-like, she hastily sought shelter in the entrance hall and peered from the little side-light windows, securing a view of her visitor without being seen herself. Then, as he alighted from the carriage, forgetting her forced dignity, she sprang impulsively to the

door and greeted him, just as he had long anticipated; and with maiden modesty expressed the fulness of her grateful heart, not only for what he had recently bestowed upon her, but for himself alone—and just what he stood for—a noble character.

The massive entrance remained invitingly open, and the midday sun, still at its height, streamed into the great reception hall. Here they stood again at the foot of the ancient staircase. Dr. Livingston said not a word but appeared serenely complacent, while Evelyn requested him to rest after his fatiguing drive; and as a comfortable recess invited him to consider himself for a moment, he gladly rested beneath a canopy of Gobelin tapestry and contemplated the transformation with much satisfaction. The moment had arrived for Evelyn to express her acknowledgement for his generous gift, and explain that she did not feel justified in accepting what legally belonged to him. After a brief silence she endeavored to speak:

"And now, Dr. Livingston, I wish to say that, after admiring and gratefully appreciating everything that you have done for my dear home, I really cannot accept the gift that my cousin intended expressly for your benefit. During my tour abroad I have benefited by

many unusual advantages. My books, with other publications in London, have yielded more than I could possibly have anticipated. They are still in demand, strange to say. Another most unexpected windfall came to me during my visit in London."

Dr. Livingston gazed at her attentively while she continued:

"Under the circumstances you would not wish me to become avaricious, and keep what actually belongs to another. While I am deeply grateful, and realize the trouble that you have spared me in the renovation of my dear home, I must still insist upon returning your generous gift, and wish to attend to the matter immediately—not without sincere appreciation, as my home is indeed complete. I could not wish it otherwise; it is absolutely perfect under your judicious arrangement."

Livingston was not prepared for such an announcement. The thought of insisting upon relinquishing his gift, bequeathed to him by her relative, made him most uncomfortable, to say the least; and if Evelyn had not made an unprecedented success in London, there would have been no other home open to her than the former dilapidated relic.

Livingston was a man of rare character and magnanimous to the last degree. He never

regretted having followed the dictates of his conscience, but now he realized that Evelyn had become thoroughly independent, and could live as she pleased, possibly without a protector. After a brief silence he replied:

"I am greatly pleased to have aided you in the renovation of your home, as there were many details that would have been difficult for you to arrange. I am also thankful to hear of your literary success, which will not only benefit you, but many in whom you are interested. Under the circumstances I suppose it is quite natural that you should wish to be independent;"—and then, as almost nothing remained to be said, he concluded:—"although I am not altogether pleased that you should desire to be so."

A moment later a figure appeared at the entrance, which proved to be their genial friend, Dr. Brooke. The conversation naturally reverted to the "The Evelyn." A consecration service was arranged for the following Sunday, in the chapel of St. Luke's, where Dr. Livingston was to assist in conducting the services upon this eventful occasion, as well as during the summer months, until his return to Philadelphia in October.

There were many critical cases at the hospital, which occupied the attention of Dr.

Brooke almost continuously. Not having met Livingston since he had resumed his profession, they naturally had much to discuss, both being greatly interested in hospital work. Suddenly it occurred to Wesley that Dr. Livingston might have supposed him to be the instigator and founder of this splendid undertaking, and turning to Evelyn, who listened attentively to all that was said in regard to her pet project, he remarked that he wished it distinctly understood that he did not deserve the credit of suggesting and founding the "The Evelyn."

"It matters not," she replied, "who originates a melody if another takes up the refrain and completes it. What should we know of the project if Dr. Brooke had not taken up the work and accomplished its purpose '*with* money,' as he said, and 'without price?' How few there are," she continued, "who would so nobly sacrifice themselves and accept such a life work, unless they were consecrated to the service of their fellow-beings."

At the conclusion of this remark, Livingston with perfect unselfishness, held out his hand to Wesley saying:

"I feel that you are already consecrated to this great work quite as much as any of the clergy; for the Father of all consecrates whom

He pleases." After a brief silence he continued: "Without your special care and liberal munificence, the work would have ceased—no doubt have become null and void. What would have become of the helpless sufferers, who bless the very sound of your steps as you pass through the wards?"

Wesley seemed much impressed by the evident approval of Livingston, and after a slight conference as to what course to adopt in regard to several subjects connected with the institution, he soon took his departure, being obliged to visit critical cases at the hospital by special appointment.

It is seldom that one meets two such splendid types of manhood, who are yet in some respects quite different in character. Brooke was a man of rather more than ordinary height, having a strong, well-built physique, with frank, open countenance, indicative of genuine sincerity. Livingston was of medium height, with well-proportioned figure, and a countenance beaming with kindliness, which seemed to radiate from his expressive eyes. Both were devoted to good works, seeking to rescue their fellow-men from disease and death, both moral and physical.

XXIII.

Dr. Brooke Contracts the Fever at the Hospital

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

Toward the close of this same day, three youthful beings, full of simple-hearted merriment, appeared over the carriage road coming toward the Sheridan mansion.

Evelyn stood on the spacious piazza with Livingston, waiting for the young people to arrive, who proved to be their happy friends, the young artist, Robert Slocum, and his sister Phoebe, with Amelia Judkins. The sudden elevation of Farmer Judkins, now the successful proprietor of Newton Inn, had enabled Amelia to cultivate her taste for portrait painting, for which she had already shown such evidence of talent, that Dr. Livingston suggested to her father the importance of sending Amelia abroad with the Slocums, that she

might study at one of the famous schools of art. Farmer Judkins was naturally proud of his daughter's attainments, but declared most emphatically that "Amelia could paint well enough in America, without spending a fortune in a foreign land." The truth was that he had no money to spare from his regular business, which included an expensive farm with a still increasing posterity, none of whom except Amelia had yet exhibited any unusual proclivities. As it seemed hard that the youthful artist should be debarred from the advantages of a trip abroad, Dr. Livingston consulted with Evelyn as to the best course to take and they soon decided to send her with Phoebe and Robert Slocum on a conducted tour. Evelyn insisted upon dividing the expense with Dr. Livingston, while the Slocums were her special protégés.

What is more lovely and desirable to possess than the innocence and exuberance of unsophisticated youth, with its vivid anticipations of all sorts of enchanting possibilities in the dim and uncertain future! The happy trio speedily reached the porch and were greeted warmly; whereupon Amelia immediately disclosed to view a charming miniature of "Miss Evelyn" taken from a photograph during her absence abroad. Dr. Livingston appeared

completely captivated with the gem and enquired if it were "for sale;" to which Amelia replied that it was an order from Dr. Brooke. With girlish simplicity the young artist returned the prize to its tiny case, and Dr. Livingston gazed at the beautiful original with evident surprise, while she sadly turned her lovely face in the direction of the tranquil fields. Not wishing, apparently, to discuss the subject, which happily changed, a lively conversation ensued, and numerous injunctions were given to the trio in regard to their proposed trip abroad.

The steamer decided upon was to sail in a few days and with many good wishes for a "Bon voyage," the grateful and merry adventurers took their departure.

The following Sunday a consecration service was held at St. Luke's chapel, connected with the Evelyn Hospital. The Bishop of the diocese conducted the service, assisted by a number of the clergy, including, of course, Dr. Livingston. A large bronze Revolutionary tablet was placed in the nave, dedicated to the memory of Judge Abraham Faulkner. This first memorial was given by Evelyn in memory of her illustrious ancestor. Later, an additional bronze memorial was dedicated to others of her family, who were among the first settlers at Newton, and famous during the American Revolution.

A fine stained-glass window of the "Madonna and child" was much admired, being a copy of an extremely ancient painting exhibited only on certain occasions in an interesting chapel in Italy, and said to have been painted by one of the saints. This was a gift from Dr. Brooke, a work of art which he had ordered to be executed at Rome. He had given also a corresponding window with rich coloring, depicting the figure of Christ as the Shepherd leading His beloved sheep. This window was of American workmanship and very beautiful.

The exterior of the edifice was of rough stone extremely artistic in architecture. The woodwork of the interior was of black walnut richly carved, where it became admissible. The walls and ceiling were of the color of burnished gold, which blended harmoniously with the surroundings. Many of the patients at "The Evelyn" had heard of the beautiful chapel and quite longed for a convalescent day so as to enjoy the privilege of a visit within its sacred precincts.

It has been said that there is no better indication of a man's character and motives than his personal appearance, and yet there are times when the wisest criticism is baffled by adroit superficiality. Dr. Brooke was, without doubt,

a grand character, but it became evident that he had lost his former buoyancy, and that there was about him an undertone of weariness and constraint. He still, however, enjoyed his profession, and gloried in his daily routine of duties.

The anxiety and care in the erection of the hospital, with subsequent arrangements for placing it in good running order for the early Spring, were quite enough to weaken the strength of a Goliath; but there is often a subtler power at work that acts upon the nerve forces, which is more detrimental and undermining to a constitution than the mere continuous routine of any arduous work. When this nerve force gives way the end is not far distant. Nerve, then, good strong nerve, is one of the most essential things in life in order to control the tide that ultimately leads to an ocean of resources, that enticingly remain to be grasped by enlightened humanity.

A serious case of typhoid fever was reported at the hospital. Evelyn received a note from Dr. Brooke, telling her not to attempt to visit her convalescent patients as the danger of the disease was most alarming. Wesley watched day and night with the patient and before many weeks the crisis had passed and the man slowly recovered; but the good doctor was

sacrificed to his devotion and soon became critically ill. The best physicians from Boston and New York were summoned and consulted. Dr. Livingston called immediately at the Sheridan mansion and begged Evelyn not to think of visiting the hospital. To this advice she listened silently, but soon after quietly insisted on seeing the man who had sacrificed his life in a cause that she herself had suggested.

The fever was pronounced most contagious, and, after Dr. Livingston had disappeared from sight, she provided herself with disinfectants, and wended her way with a sad heart to the Evelyn Hospital. Dr. David Drayton met the visitor at the entrance hall and endeavored to dissuade her from entering the ward, now given up exclusively to the one who had heroically carried others successfully through the crisis of the same disease. Evelyn was, however, persistent, and Dr. Drayton reluctantly led the way. It seemed indeed strange and incongruous for the first time to behold Wesley, the once powerful athlete, now helpless and prostrated with a serious illness. On seeing Evelyn he attempted to raise his weary head, only proving that the spirit was willing but the flesh weak. With calm, longing eyes, he silently waited for her to approach. How cautiously she entered the

sick-room, remaining for a moment irresolute, fearing that her coming might unnerve him and heighten the fever. Wesley knew her thoughts and held up his limp hand saying:

"Do not come, dearest, I would die rather than have you take the fever."

To which she replied:

"I am not susceptible to disease, and have disinfectants about me;—and what if I should take the fever? Think of what you have done for me and for others!"

Wesley did not appear to hear this last remark, but requested her most emphatically not to approach nearer, to which request she silently acceded. Then, seeming more at ease, he said faintly:

"One never can be perfectly sure of one's self where there is contagion, especially if one is over-fatigued, being then more susceptible, and not in a perfectly normal condition. You see," he continued, "I was a little too ambitious to start things generally, and all at once, in so doing, I put my head in the lion's mouth. It was my own fault, dearest."

Having exhausted his strength he breathed rapidly and closed his eyes. His visitor did not dare to disobey orders, and remained where he had requested, but she knew that he listened for her to speak.

"Well, then," she replied, "do not think of me for a moment, as I am not really fatigued, and am strong and well, with no fear whatever of contracting the fever. I cannot leave you to the care of indifferent strangers; of course I do not include Dr. Drayton, who is one of your oldest friends and will devote himself exclusively to your interest."

At that moment Dr. Drayton opened the door and motioned to Evelyn, indicating that her stipulated time had more than expired. Wesley, having seen the Doctor, gasped something inaudible and gazed in the direction of Evelyn, but found himself obliged to make an effort to articulate distinctly, and with renewed exertion appealingly enquired when he might see her again; to which she replied:

"To-morrow, if Dr. Drayton is willing."

The visitors went out with heavy hearts, and then Evelyn learned the sad truth from the doctor, that he considered Wesley a critical patient.

XXIV.

An Unusual Event at the Request of the Patient

"Deep, unspeakable suffering may well be called a baptism, a regeneration, an initiation into a new birth."

The following day a note was quickly dispatched to the Sheridan mansion. It came from Dr. Drayton in order to prevent Evelyn from repeating her visits until duly advised, as Dr. Brooke could bear no excitement whatever, the fever being heightened by the weary vigils of a restless night. Consulting physicians were summoned from other cities, and grave opinions were submitted, as each made a diagnosis of the severe phases of the disease. With assiduous care and skill on the part of the hospital nurses, the fever apparently abated, and the general symptoms seemed much more encouraging.

Wesley, realizing his condition, took advantage of this opportunity to signal to Dr. Dray-

ton, who enquired if he could be of any service; to which Wesley faintly replied in the affirmative, and then continued: "Would it be right to send for Evelyn?" Dr. Drayton considered for a moment, and with knit brows said rather constrainedly:

"There is always danger, you know; yet, if she would prefer to come rather than not, we will give her the opportunity. She is very brave, and will, of course, carry disinfectants."

"Then," said Wesley, "send for her directly."

The day was indeed fair; too beautiful to be appreciated by an ill-fated patient, apparently doomed to leave all that he held most dear on this side of the great sea of Eternity. A message sent to the Sheridan mansion announced that Miss Sheridan's presence was requested at the hospital. She lost no time in ordering the carriage and was soon ushered into the presence of the patient. Wesley rallied wonderfully on seeing her, and held out his emaciated limp hand, which suddenly fell like a useless block. Seeing his look of distress Evelyn came nearer and said soothingly:

"I fear that my last visit was altogether too fatiguing for you. If I can be of assistance to the nurse let me remain. I need not speak." Then, after a brief silence she continued: "You must gain strength."

Whereupon Wesley vainly endeavored to smile like his former self, and to her surprise faintly replied:

"Evelyn dear, I may not live, but—living or dying,—will you become my—precious—wife?"

She was totally unprepared for this and for an instant remained silent with downcast eyes; and then she solemnly replied:

"Yes, Dr. Brooke." A moment of profound silence ensued, after which Wesley feebly continued:

"Whom do you prefer to perform the ceremony? Shall it be Dr. Livingston?"

This became a crucial moment for Evelyn, who faintly murmured something almost inaudible in regard to the Bishop, which caught the ear of Wesley.

"O yes," he continued; "the grand old Bishop who consecrated our dear chapel. We will of course send for him." He closed his eyes for an instant, but quickly opened them, saying:

"Now I know, dearest, what you meant by 'Inherited Freedom.' It belongs to me, all—every one on earth, through the redemption of Christ. If I could live, my Evelyn, we would work together in His Name, and be the means of inducing others to live the happiest of lives."

Being soon overcome by excessive weakness, Wesley sank again into the high pillowed cushions, while Evelyn knelt by his side, soothing his feverish brow with her gentle touch. Soon, however, he murmured: "There is much that I would like to say. I do not wonder, dearest, that you baffled me so often when I spoke of my great love—for I well know that I am utterly unworthy of you, but now, living or dying, I shall become doubly blessed in having such a wife—even if only in name—for ever so brief a time." Then, being again exhausted, he waited for reviving breath, and concluded: "Would—would it be possible for you dearest,—really to —love me?"

"It is more than possible—I do love you, Wesley."

A sacred stillness pervaded the atmosphere of the room as Evelyn knelt by the side of the sick man, while he placed his feeble hand upon her lovely head, as if blessing her for acceding to the dearest wish of his longing heart. While Evelyn remained kneeling, the shadows had lengthened, and the "western waves of ebbing day" were already reflecting and flooding every crevice, until a radiant beam of light found its way through the lattice of the patient's room and gradually settled like a halo

over her lovely head. It seemed a veritable vision of spiritual consecration.

Wesley appeared strangely exhilarated in glad anticipation of the eventful morrow. Dr. Drayton was at once summoned, and the nurses were given directions for absolute quiet in the patient's room. The following day it was not considered expedient to carry out the proposed ceremony, but as Wesley appeared greatly disappointed, not being quite as well by reason of the deferment—Dr. Drayton arranged immediately to receive the Bishop as soon as he could make it convenient to visit the patient.

At first there was a doubt as to the willingness of the Bishop to perform the ceremony, the disease being infectious. The good Bishop waived all thought of himself, however, and willingly came, bringing with him a profound love and admiration for the man who had thus sacrificed his life for the sake of helpless humanity.

The solemn marriage ceremony was performed in the presence only of Dr. Drayton and Evelyn's faithful Rubie, Dr. Livingston having been previously summoned on an errand of mercy which he considered an imperative duty, to one of his parishioners at Philadelphia.

The severe strain was considered a serious risk for the patient. Meantime Evelyn never swerved from her daily routine of duties, attending to many details herself in following directions from the day nurses and physicians. At night-fall, however, Dr. Drayton insisted upon her being driven to Fairfield, as he realized that she required absolute change and the careful attention of the faithful maid, quite as much as if she were a patient at the hospital. Meantime Wesley became desirous that Evelyn should not miss the comforts of her home; thus it was decided that she should visit Wesley when the doctor thought it advisable, and then only for a few moments.

As the days sped on the patient did not seem to progress as rapidly as had been anticipated. Dr. Drayton expressed grave fears for his recovery, and one day, being alone with Wesley, he ventured to allude to the subject of "trusteeship," in order that the noble work might be carried on successfully at the Evelyn Hospital; finally suggesting that, as Dr. Brooke had recently married, measures should be adopted to prevent difficulties arising in case his wife should outlive him; this, at the present stage of the disease being indeed almost a certainty. Wesley knew his own condition better than anyone, and replied that, as Evelyn

was now his wife by law, in the event of his death almost everything that he possessed would naturally revert to her. "Still," he continued, "I should like very much, Dr. Drayton, to see my attorney, and will give you his address."

In a few days all necessary business arrangements in regard to his estate were completed, and Wesley, being greatly relieved in mind, solemnly declared that nothing remained for him but to await his Master's will.

Evelyn glided in and out of the sick-room like an angel of mercy, while Wesley continually followed her with his loving eyes, until overcome with extreme exhaustion. Soon a languor seemed to take sudden possession of his senses, a state of coma or semi-consciousness. Dr. Drayton considered this a most alarming phase, as gradually he could scarcely be aroused long enough to receive the prescribed remedies.

XXV.

Evelyn's Subsequent Illness at the Sheridan Mansion

"Take up thy cross of living with a zest. Help others in their woe. Make right of wrong. So shalt thou, glad at last, lie down to rest and thy free soul soar upward like a song."

Quite early one morning a few days later, just as Evelyn had alighted from her carriage at the hospital, Dr. Livingston also drove under the *porte-cochère* and enquired if he could see the patient.

Evelyn, thinking that he had not heard of her marriage to Dr. Brooke, at first became a little embarrassed but, soon recovering herself, with perfect frankness replied:

"I am sure that Wesley will be grateful that you have returned, and will wish to see his old friend;" then hesitating slightly, she continued: "He is still critically ill—you may not have heard—that we—were married—

at his request—he being so very ill—that it was thought he could not live through the night."

Dr. Livingston did not look at her while she spoke but riveted his eyes on some irresistible pebble on the gravel walk beneath his feet. There was a long silence, then he extended his hand to the only one whom he had ever adored beyond words to express; and simply congratulated her for a noble unselfishness which might cause the patient to recuperate, buoyed by the thought that his wife prayed for his recovery.

Evelyn did not raise her lovely head, but sadly replied that Wesley had become resigned to the will of God; also saying that Dr. Drayton had expressed grave fears as to his recovery. They silently passed in through the long corridors until met by Dr. Drayton, who wore a troubled expression, most discouraging to a faint heart. In a moment, however, he thought it wise to prepare Evelyn for the worst, and gently placing his kind hand upon her shoulder, advised her that the end was not far distant. Continuing, he said that Dr. Brooke occasionally had conscious moments, but slept most of the time, having very little vitality, and would not suffer at the last, but pass peacefully into the life beyond. Evelyn and

Dr. Livingston heard this final statement with bowed heads, whereupon Dr. Drayton led the way to the patient's room.

On entering, it became apparent to Evelyn that a serious change had taken place since the previous day. Wesley did not appear at all conscious of their presence. Indeed he seemed utterly oblivious of his surroundings. Evelyn seemed much affected by Wesley's pallor, and knelt near enough to touch his hand, when he gradually became aware of her presence. Dr. Drayton at once motioned to the nurse who had been waiting for an opportunity to administer a stimulant. It being given, the result was successful, and Wesley became conscious of Dr. Livingston's presence. Evelyn still knelt by Wesley's bedside holding his poor limp hand in hers. Livingston immediately waived all thought of himself, realizing only that Evelyn stood in great jeopardy. It seemed to him like inviting disease, the fever being now, without doubt, fatal to Dr. Brooke. Dr. Drayton at once stated that he considered the danger to Evelyn most serious, agreeing at once with Dr. Livingston, who exclaimed emphatically:

"This must not be allowed; can you not prevent her giving up her precious life so daringly?"

The doctor shook his head and replied that Mrs. Brooke insisted upon her present line of action, although Wesley at first advised her not to approach nearer than the entrance to his room. "She is very fearless," he continued; "but she has already doubtless contracted the fever. There is no help for it. Such devotion every day in coming and going, must necessarily use her up. Last night I thought he would not live till morning; his heart was very weak. Still, he longs to see her during the day, and his will power has sustained him wonderfully."

At that moment Evelyn signalled to Dr. Drayton to move nearer to the patient, who at first found it impossible to speak, but soon recovered himself, and enquired of the doctor if he would state truthfully if there was absolutely no hope of his recovery. Dr. Drayton found it difficult to admit the sad truth in the presence of the lovely young wife, and he determined not to sound his death-knell just then and there, but replied that "while there was life there was hope."

Wesley realized that his heart was very weak and, failing to raise himself, he feebly said: "I fear that my unselfish wife will soon become ill;" then in a stronger voice he continued: "Dr. Livingston, I leave her in your care. There never has been, and there never will be

such an angel." Being exhausted, he closed his eyes, and Dr. Drayton felt his pulse, fearing that the action of the heart had ceased; but to their surprise Wesley's eyes opened once more, and for the last time being illumined with a Divine light, he gazed long and steadily at Evelyn, with intense love, murmuring finally:

"'Inherited Freedom'—it is mine, and thine, dearest." Then his loving eyes closed in their final sleep, and the great soul was translated.

After a prolonged and agonized silence, Evelyn became suddenly faint from exhaustion, owing to the severe strain upon her nervous system. She was immediately led away by Dr. Livingston, who considered it imperative that she should be taken from the sad atmosphere of contagion, and transferred to the Sheridan Mansion.

XXVI.

A Great Change had Taken Place in the Life of Evelyn

"It is what we are, not what we have, that makes one human being superior to another."

For many weeks Evelyn Brooke lay at the point of death. The fever assuming a serious phase, it finally reached a critical stage, when grave fears were entertained by the consulting physicians. The hospital nurses were immediately summoned to her home, as it became expedient to transform the old mansion into an improvised hospital.

There were many days when Evelyn became oblivious of everything about her. She did not seem conscious of the presence of any one. Rubie, the faithful maid, insisted upon taking her turn in watching and waiting upon her dear young mistress. A host of visitors from Boston and the neighboring towns were constantly driven to the house to enquire for the bereaved widow.

It has been conceded by the best authorities that a critical case is better managed in a well equipped hospital, and the chances of recovery are generally in its favor; but in Evelyn's case her own familiar home was the best hospital, and all that could be desired. The thought of being out of one's element among entire strangers, is often detrimental to a nervous person, and is suggestive to many of the departure from home and friends for a final resting place.

Livingston called daily at the Sheridan mansion to enquire for the patient, and lingered about the grounds, waiting to learn if any change had taken place. Only those who have experienced the suspense contingent on a critical fever can easily realize the uncertainty and momentary anxiety until the crisis has been reached and passed in safety.

The assiduous attention and devotion of nurses and physicians were finally crowned with success. The patient became gradually conscious of her condition, and daily increased in strength. Her recovery was hastened by a strong desire to recuperate, in order that she might carry on the work so recently relinquished by the founder of "The Evelyn" hospital.

In due course of time a document with legal notification was received at the Sheridan

mansion. It came from the executors of Wesley's estate, and announced that the deceased, Dr. Wesley Brooke, had bequeathed his entire estate to his beloved wife, Evelyn Sheridan Brooke; also including the direction and management of "The Evelyn" hospital.

This bequest, together with the Von Steinitz property, and the income from the London publications, had suddenly converted Evelyn into a woman of great wealth, empowered with freedom to work as she pleased.

Any glad tidings conveyed to a convalescent, at once becomes an impetus to strength and well-being; but still the lonely days dragged with the ever sad memories so recently endured.

The house was fairly embowered with exquisite flowers sent by a host of loving friends. Even the good townspeople contributed their simple wild flower nosegays, accompanied by tender messages to the bereaved lady, who had never once forgotten them in distress.

The Misses Bleaker and their cousins, the Misses Hugins, were positively irrepressible, not wishing to be eclipsed by the élite from the city, nor by the D. R. Chapter, who were most devoted in their attentions to the only surviving descendant of General and Madam Leffertson, of Revolutionary fame.

The old saying, "To him that hath shall be given," seemed to be verified in Evelyn's experience. The Huginses and Bleakers called it "Evelyn's luck," but this "luck" had been brought about by her persevering cultivation of the gifts that were hers by "free inheritance," and which still continued to expand and progress, leading on to endless resources.

It may readily be imagined that, under the circumstances of the accumulated good fortune that had so recently fallen to Evelyn's lot, the situation and conditions of life had changed most agreeably and happily in her favor. Not so, however, with Livingston. While he craved nothing more in a pecuniary point of view, for himself, being well up on the ladder of success as an earnest worker in the highest sense, he realized now that Evelyn, an heiress, no longer required his protection, although placed under his special guidance, and almost bequeathed to him by her dying husband. If Livingston had not experienced a still deeper and increasing interest in Evelyn since the day of her bereavement, the situation might not have become so difficult for him as her guardian, but the sudden turn of affairs seemed to have thwarted his noble purposes even from the very moment that he had felt impelled to renovate her beloved home, and

transfer what appeared to his conscientious mind to belong to another. In consideration of the many altered conditions, the bereavement first to be considered, and her accumulated wealth, what a gulf seemed to have opened between them; for how long would it exist? perhaps forever. Could it be possible that the living, waking dream of only a few recent years had been so ruthlessly dispelled? In reality, however, the wheel of fortune had dealt kindly and benignly.

The order of the universe cannot be reversed for the sake of a few human beings. "All souls are mine, saith the Lord," and while many often apparently suffer, or appear to "flourish like a green bay-tree," as the case may be, others are in the meantime, through these divine agencies, being disciplined. The knowledge of these simple truths was a consoling factor in the generous heart and mind of Livingston. Still it was hard for him—a most rigid discipline—which, to all intents and purposes, he did not seem to require.

XXVII.

The Wonderful Success of the Juveniles Abroad

"It seems impossible to understand,
How joy and sorrow may be hand in hand;
Yet God created when the world was born
The changeless paradox of night and morn."

The drowsy lazy days of Summer had passed. The energetic tourists were once more flocking into the cities to resume their Winter occupations. The holiday term was at an end, and general activity in all lines of work had become the order of the day. All the houses of worship were again opened, as indeed the majority should be during the heated term.

Shortly before Evelyn's return from abroad Lindsay Livingston had received the degree of D.D. from the college at which he had graduated with highest honors. Of this the simple-hearted townspeople were exceedingly proud, and took every opportunity of addressing him by his title.

Evelyn being now considered even more than convalescent, every pleasant day she might have been seen sauntering under the brilliant maples that adorned the grounds of Fairfield. Her black drapery enhanced the natural grace of her lovely figure, and while her unusual complexion had lost much of its brilliant coloring, it still retained the same exquisite texture of refinement which had been so noticeable before her illness.

These dreary days of loneliness would have seemed dull indeed, had it not been for the daily tidings of progressive work at "The Evelyn" Hospital; as well as from the juvenile tourists who had already accomplished much in their various lines of art. Robert Slocum had written of his wonderful streak of luck in having painted a portrait of the celebrated Marchioness of Deansbury, and of several members of other noble families, and his work had met with favorable encomiums while on exhibition in London.

The young Americans had, in consequence, received other orders for portraits of distinguished personages. Amelia Judkins had also exhibited in London a miniature of the beautiful American authoress whose recent writings were in high repute. This exquisite miniature proved a sufficient card for many

orders to follow, and thus it appeared that the young artists were on the fair road to fortune. Evelyn was greatly overjoyed at hearing the news of the success of her protégés, and thankful that she had been instrumental in promoting their good fortune.

Phoebe Slocum also had written, expressing the deepest gratitude to Dr. Livingston and to kind Mrs. Brooke, for their united generosity; also wishing them to know of her success as an American newspaper correspondent, giving her "*nom de plume*" with a child like satisfaction. The whole party were exultant, and with high hopes anticipated great things to come. What unspeakable joy to have been the means of enriching and developing talents which would otherwise have been stunted or neglected, and finally buried in a dull New England town.

On one of the fresh, glowing September mornings, Evelyn strolled in an abstracted mood some distance behind her garden wall, when suddenly she became conscious of the sound of a rattling cart, gradually approaching nearer until it jogged along, quite unceremoniously into her path, unpleasantly approximating her very heels. The driver of the cart proved to be Tom Slocum, one of the enterprising "Express Company" brothers.

He drove a load of luscious fruit from his self-made farm, being bound toward the famous Market Square. On seeing Evelyn he respectfully raised his flimsy hat, saying, as he reined up his old white Dobbin:

"Well now, I do want to speak to ye, my dear, good young lady! Far be it from me to forgit yer many goodnesses to me an' mine. All I kin say is," here he wiped his eyes—"that Phoebe and Rob will, according to late accounts, do ye proud, if that be any consolation, after spending on the likes of them a goodly sum indeed."

This amusing encounter proved a most excellent reaction for Evelyn's depressed spirits. She faintly smiled in acknowledgement of his honest gratitude, and quickly smothered a feeling of merriment at the ludicrous picture of a very uncertain one-sided cart, with Tom perched on the off-side, as balance to prevent an upset.

After assuring Tom that he was most fortunate in possessing such a promising family, and wishing him success with his farm and enterprising "Express Company," he once more whipped up the old white Dobbin and whirled out of sight.

XXVIII.

At Home with its Sacred Memories

"Men of character are the conscience of the society to which they belong."

Meantime Livingston had called at the Sheridan Mansion to make a brief farewell visit, previous to his departure for Philadelphia. Finding that Evelyn had gone for a walk, he knew that she could not be far away—and yet—would it be well to wait for her return? What would it avail? Still he was now, in a sense, her guardian. Would she be offended if he did not wait for her return? All these questions he asked himself as he stood with uncertain step at her very threshold. Delays are often dangerous, and just then, from behind a thick evergreen hedge, came the dainty lady herself, gowned in simple widow's mourning. So very young and delicate did she seem, that one might have taken her for a beautiful young girl not yet "out" in the social

world. But, although young in appearance, Evelyn had always been matured beyond her years. At this sudden meeting she at once grasped the situation, realizing that he was deliberating as to the propriety of remaining, and, like her old self, she impulsively sprang forward, while he met her more than half way. Thus it appeared that the spell was broken, preparing them later for an inevitable, trying parting.

Evelyn had passed many weeks of lingering unconscious illness, and still later of conscious suffering. It all seemed to her now like another new life, that had been suddenly severed from her girlhood, closing the first volume of her history. She fully realized the transformation in her present condition, wrought through unexpected events. After a prolonged silence, as one waited for the other to speak, Evelyn raised her eyes and enquired:

"Do you go away soon?" To which Lindsay replied with evident reluctance:

"Yes: I should have gone yesterday, but deferred leaving until to-morrow, that I might see you to-day."

For a moment she was silent, then replied:

"I have expected you for days. Your kind notes have been received and your flowers, but you—did not come."

Lindsay's fine face fairly glowed but he curbed his instinctive appreciation, appearing only the ever courteous friend and visitor.

"It was not that I did not wish to come," he retorted, "but it seemed so soon—you understand—" then, he continued, "you really had not sent for me."

Although Evelyn fully recognized the propriety of his discretion, which was mingled with profound admiration for her deceased husband, she had secretly wished that he would come, like any other friend, without being sent for. Soon, however, she recovered her self-poise, and ventured to say:

"Why should I have sent for my guardian when he did not come without being summoned?"

This remark was almost a stab to Lindsay, as she evidently did not know how he lingered about the place for days while her life hung by a thread; and, not until the crisis had passed and she was out of danger, had he felt justified in leaving Fairfield.

Dr. Livingston had returned recently from Philadelphia to conduct a Brooke Memorial service at the beautiful St. Luke's chapel, and to perform his duty as guardian to the bereaved wife of his friend. It would have been vain for him to close his eyes to the intuitive feeling

that Evelyn Brooke reserved for him a secret place in her generous heart; but since her return from abroad, the strangest events, over which she had no control, seemed to have held full sway, with absolute power to decide her destiny. Meantime she was still, as always, governed by principle and duty, never thinking of herself. Thus it would appear that now she had been placed more than ever on a plane of perfect freedom to continue her life work on a freer and still grander scale. A profound silence ensued, and Dr. Livingston gazed at her with apparent equanimity. Little time remained for vague and explanatory parlance, which would, without doubt, have led into deep water. A solemn hush had fallen upon them, and no reply had been given to Evelyn's last remark. She still, however, waited, evidently anticipating a response, when Lindsay forced himself to say:

"My dear Mrs. Brooke, do not think that I am not overjoyed in becoming your guardian, made doubly so by the sacred wish of your good and wise husband; but as you are abundantly able to live as you please, at least without my immediate protection, I am thankful that serious duties will claim my attention far from an atmosphere which it seems to me wise to leave for an indefinite period."

As if a film had been taken from her vision, Evelyn at once appreciated the situation, and knew instinctively that for them the inexorable Father Time had wisely held his finger of admonition, and that days—months—possibly years, might pass, or sadder still, there might never be another dawn for them in this world; and yet, how noble, how unselfish, thought Evelyn—how wise and just to the memory of the founder of "The Evelyn" Hospital!

As Dr. Livingston furtively looked at his watch, an ancient hall clock that instant struck the hour of five, which indicated the time of departure, and without further ceremony he almost abruptly advanced toward Evelyn for the last farewell. He found it difficult to look into her lovely eyes, realizing that there must be a void—a gulf, between them, for how long he knew not.

Evelyn would gladly have spoken, but she stood silent just there—where he had left her—but in her eyes there still remained an appealing look which he could not forget, as he walked rapidly down the carriage drive to the high road that led to the Newton station.

XXIX.

A Perceptible Advancement in the Town of Newton

"The worth of the State in the long run, is the worth of the individuals composing it."

The wedding of Governor Bernard's daughter, the lovely Beatrice, and Prince Giovanni Pico, had already taken place at their magnificent country seat in the State of New York. Beatrice deferred the marriage for weeks, hoping that Evelyn might be present upon the eventful occasion, but the death of Dr. Brooke decided the matter. Then came Evelyn's serious illness, and the prince's visit being limited, the marriage could not longer be delayed. The gifts were, of course, regal, but none were more appreciated than the one received from her devoted friends, Dr. and Mrs. Wesley Brooke; it being exceptionally precious as the Doctor had selected the superb gift himself, previous to his fatal illness.

Sir Edwin Percival arrived from London at the Bernard mansion a few days before the ceremony, accompanied by a huge box containing Lady Percival's wedding gift, consisting of a royal service of silver and gold, an exact facsimile of a Percival heirloom which had been in use for several generations.

Little more than a year had passed when tidings were received from London that the Blakeleys had enjoyed their full swing among the élite, who at first quite willingly accepted their hospitalities, partaking of the most lavish entertainments; these suddenly became exhausted, and, the novelty having subsided, the host and hostess soon vanished from sight, and sank into insignificance, especially as it soon became apparent that good fortune did not sit well on the shoulders of the supercilious "Sir Percy," who, being constantly idle, endeavored in a short time to make way with a goodly part of the Swift fortune. This so incensed the covetous and mercenary Virginia that a separation soon followed, obliging the crestfallen Percy to return to the "Land of the Free" to endeavor if possible there to hide his diminished head.

Newton had now begun to assert itself as one of the leading towns in the suburbs of Boston. The fine hospital and beautiful

grounds, "St. Luke's" chapel, with its artistic memorials, and an extensive playground and park on the outskirts of the town, had drawn wide attention to lovely Fairfield. Upon these grounds had been erected the new Public Library, a "Wesley Memorial," both recent gifts from the generous owner of the Sheridan estate. All of these beneficent acquisitions did much to uplift a quiet Revolutionary town, which might have slept for years, for want of an impetus to life and activity. Even the simple-hearted country people now became filled with a desire in common to advance the interests of the beloved town. "The Slocum Brothers' Express Company" were doing a flourishing business, having generously resigned the farm to the young sons, while farmer Judkins, the proud proprietor of Newton Inn, still managed to cling to his prolific harvests. The sons and daughters of these notable folks had finally returned from their extensive tour abroad, proving indeed worthy of the advantages which had been accorded them. There never were more appreciative students, returning with their own special works of art, having received numerous orders for miniatures from distinguished foreign personages. The young Americans were in high favor, and appeared much im-

proved and benefited by the advantages of foreign travel.

Those who have had the experience are fully aware that there remains scarcely breathing space, and no sort of danger of ennui for a woman of abundant means, that is, if she possesses a truly generous heart and hospitable nature. Commodious luxury is not apt to be "wasted on the desert air," but invitingly suggests hospitality, and consequently attracts appreciative and admiring friends.

After the remodelling of the Sheridan mansion it at once became rejuvenated,—a thing of beauty to behold! It appeared no longer dull and gray as a winter's dawn, but a radiant glow seemed to spread itself over the entire mansion, as if it were metamorphosed and transformed into a gem of luminous loveliness! A contrast indeed to its former gloom.

Meanwhile, Miss Dorothea Hugins and her cousins the Bleakers, were assiduous in their devotion to cousin Evelyn Brooke, fearing that they might merely be considered in the light of "slight acquaintances!" During this time the beautiful St. Luke's chapel was daily resorted to and much admired, attracting many people to the town of Newton, as well as to the enjoyable and charming drives through the picturesque and glorious country of Fairfield.

XXX.

The Inevitable Ultimatum

"Roll round, strange years;
Swift seasons, come and go;
Ye leave upon us but an outward sign;
Ye cannot touch the inward and divine
While God alone does know."

Three long, dreary years since the founder of "The Evelyn" Hospital had been peacefully laid away. How true it is that a few weary years of affliction seem intensified and prolonged in comparison with the same length of time passed in tranquillity. Thus it appeared that Evelyn had endured her share of solitude. She gradually became like her former self, while the new housemaids, flitting in and out of the great mansion, occupied themselves with the adjustment of cushions, and the care of foreign antiques that had been ruthlessly disarranged by a party of merry friends from the city, and who had only recently taken their departure. The setting sun assumed the

appearance of a globe of fire, indicating the continuance of the lovely June weather. The hush from activity in the neighboring town became lulling in the extreme to tired nerves, while the inspiring, wondrous glow in the Western sky lent a solemn awe to the picturesque landscape.

Suddenly the sound of wheels was heard approaching over the high road, and soon the prancing horses appeared careering up the carriage drive. Evelyn's heart thrilled with sudden expectancy, as she instinctively knew that it could be none other than Dr. Livingston, and it proved that he had actually arrived after many days—even years—her guardian. How often she had recently dwelt upon the happy thought that she had a claim upon him as her "guardian," even if he could never be anything nearer.

Lindsay had written often, the kindest of letters, but his large parish undoubtedly required his untiring devotion, and although he had arranged to visit Fairfield on several occasions, he had failed to come. Three long years had passed before he dared to trust himself to visit his ward.

The glorious June roses were ravishing to behold, and the luxuriant verdure seemed permeated with the sweetness of syringa and

heliotrope. The spacious doors and lattices were thrown hospitably open to invite the fragrance of the summer breeze. Evelyn at once glided to the entrance and stood there under a fascinating trellis frame of honeysuckle. The longed for moment, so wisely deferred on manifold occasions, at last belonged to them wholly. Time and space had given them the right to call it irrevocably and absolutely theirs, and the mutual knowledge of this fact seemed to mean for them an ecstasy inadequate for words to express.

Evelyn never quite remembered how Lindsay reached the entrance, but there he stood, actually holding her hands—yes, both,—with no word of his or hers. There was simply nothing to be said just then and there. A charm had fallen upon them too exquisite to describe, which was only broken by a curious bird which suddenly perched himself inquisitively upon the trellis arch over their heads, and then darted as swiftly away, all the while chirping to his lively companions, who took up the refrain. The flurry and consternation of these happy warblers seemed like a harbinger of good fortune to the two silent beings who still lingered spellbound under the ancestral bower. Here no decisive word seemed required as a pledge of eternal loyalty.

After a genuine English tea had been served in the spacious dining hall, where hung the famous English game pieces that had been executed by the Old Masters before the Revolulution, and still retained a marvelous brilliancy of color, Evelyn and Lindsay at once took advantage of the lingering twilight, wending their way to the romantic old garden, and wandering into the renovated arbor or pavilion of her forefathers, where many a secret conclave had taken place on vital subjects connected with the Revolution in America.

The ancient arbor had been reconstructed much like an open air pagoda, partially covered with vines which enabled the guests to enjoy snatches of the picturesque landscape through a lattice of trailing ivy—all casting its shadow over a fascinating trysting path under the glow of a rising silver moon. Their love was like the charity that "suffereth long and is kind," that "envieth not, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil."

How often it has been said that "some marriages are made in heaven." This is literally true, inasmuch as heaven is most assuredly here, though unfortunately recognized only by the Christian optimist who remembers the blessed injunction "Seek, and ye shall find."

Thus it is, when two congenial souls possessing the requisite resources for the advancement of the world are united in matrimony, that the benefits of such a union become inestimable.

Evelyn and Lindsay had arrived at their final trysting-place, surrounded by the pavilion of her ancestors, and after many varied experiences had become assured that they were inevitably designed for each other.

The glowing reflection of the gorgeous sun had gradually faded in the western sky, and darkness invited myriad planets to glisten ever so benignly in the vast canopy of heaven. The shimmering moon above the horizon gradually mounted among the rifts of fleecy clouds, seeming to rise as from a baptism out of the rippling waters of the neighboring Charles. The night was indeed thrilling with marvelous splendor and serene magnificence. An unusual stillness pervaded the atmosphere, occasionally broken by distant sounds of traffic from the town of Newton, varied often by innocent applause and merry voices cheering lustily from the playground and public park. These two sat together and silently listened, supremely happy.

Evelyn became filled with gratitude at the results of her labors for the benefit and advancement of the ancient and beloved town. Lindsay, divining her thoughts, said quietly:

"These simple-hearted people are truly appreciative."

"Yes," she replied, "the dear people! It has been all so easy, and such a joy to help them." After a brief silence she continued:

"This world is very beautiful, Lindsay!"

"And wonderful," said Lindsay.

"Yes, wonderful," replied Evelyn, "and a Universal Free Inheritance."

A few months later the town of Newton donned its gayest attire, while the bells of St. Luke's rang out their merry chimes for the approaching marriage of their beloved "Lady Bountiful" and Lindsay Livingston. The chapel had recently become so enlarged that it had expanded into a commodious church. After the relatives and friends had been admitted to the ceremony, the remaining space was completely filled by the loving townspeople who fairly flocked to the edifice; while many simple hearts were overwhelmed with gratitude and admiration for their noble and munificent benefactress.

Evelyn and Lindsay subsequently passed their winters in Philadelphia, and their summer season at "Fairfield Mansion," where their first son and heir was born. He was christened at the beautiful St. Luke's Memorial, being lovingly and appropriately named for their revered Wesley Brooke.

AUG 7 1905